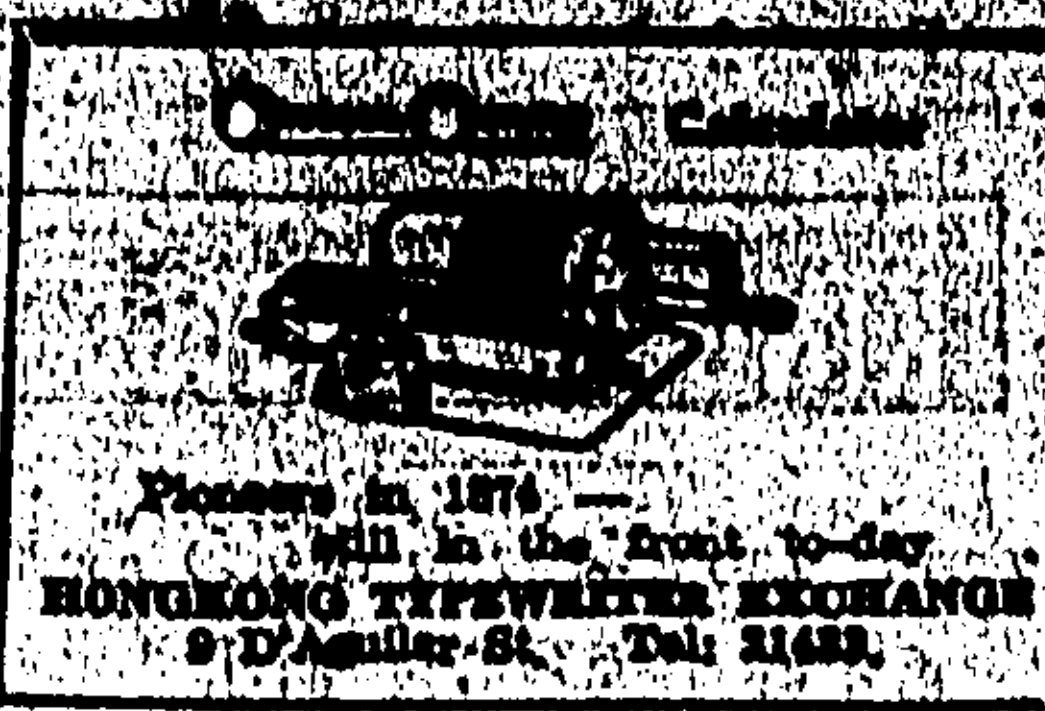




# CHINA



# MAIL



No. 85981

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1954.

Price 30 Cents

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### GOOD WORK!

GOOD work, Mr. John Foster Dulles! You, "Atoms For Peace" plan will be acclaimed by all who want to see atomic energy used sensibly for peace-time development and the benefit of mankind instead of mass destruction. This is the second positive move the Americans have made in this direction in the last year. Earlier, Mr. Eisenhower proposed a plan for a world atomic pool for peace-time use only. The Russians wouldn't discuss it then but now they're having second thoughts. The Americans are showing up the Communist "peace campaign" for what it is—peace on Moscow's terms. Mr. Dulles' on-line speech to the United Nations Assembly was a great success. It showed the right amount of firmness but he also made it clear that America still wanted to negotiate on the many outstanding East-West problems. This is the right spirit to adopt if the Democracies and the Communists are to come to terms and to live together peacefully.

### B.O.A.C. Profit

SIR Miles Thomas, Chairman of B.O.A.C. announced with obvious pride on Thursday: "We are still flying on our own wings and not on public crutches." And he had something to be pleased about, for B.O.A.C. made a record profit of over £2 million in 1953—despite the fact that they lost £250,000 when their popular record-breaking Comet services had to be suspended for two months. That suggests that 1954-55 earnings will suffer because the Comets have been out of action for five months now and they're not expected back in service for some time. But no one doubts that they will come back to win new holidays for the Corporation. Last year's record profit was the result of a campaign initiated about three years ago to smarten up organisation and streamline services. This meant staff cuts and dispensing with expensive and unprofitable side-lines like the flying boats. But the policy has triumphed, and like Sir Miles Thomas, we're glad the Corporation is now standing securely on its feet. Referring to Far East operations, Sir Miles said that because Comets couldn't land at Kaituma, the jet services to Tokyo had to fly via Manila and that was expensive. Our new aircraft will not be ready for about another four years and the only Comets that will be able to land on it then will be the latest, more manoeuvrable Comet IIIs. Unless the Corporation has other alternatives, it looks as if jet services to this part of the world are going to be expensive for a few more years yet.

# SURPRISE RED MOVE ON U.S. A-PLAN

## Russia Supports Dulles Call For U.N. Assembly Debate

New York, Sept. 24.

Russia today joined the West in approving a United States request for an "important and urgent" debate in the United Nations General Assembly on the establishment of an international agency for the peaceful development of atomic energy.

The Steering Committee, which recommends the Assembly's agenda, approved the American request unanimously at a brief meeting today.

Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky, Soviet delegate, announced his country's readiness to discuss the American plan in the Assembly and recalled that Russia had sent Washington a note two days ago indicating that she was willing to continue atom talks.

(The note broke a five-month silence by the Russians on President Eisenhower's proposals last December for an international pool of fissionable material for peaceful purposes. America has sponsored the agency to keep this proposal alive.)

Although the Steering Committee meeting was unanimous, it did not pass without a brush between Mr. Vyshinsky and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, the United States delegate.

Mr. Lodge mentioned that the Soviet Union had so far refused to join in the plan first advanced by President Eisenhower. He criticised the Soviet attitude in allegedly "depriving the world of the benefits of the greatest scientific discovery of the modern world."

**GREATER PROMISE**  
The United States, he said, was determined to join with those countries who had supported the United States plan "in order that nations and people everywhere should share whenever possible in the atomic progress for peace."

Mr. Lodge said that there was no matter before the Assembly which held out greater promise for actively and constructively promoting material welfare of mankind.

Mr. Vyshinsky immediately seized on what he termed Mr. Lodge's "inaccuracies." If the United States delegate was united with the Soviet note of September 22, mentioned by Mr. Dulles yesterday, how could he say things which were not in accordance with reality, he added, had distorted reality.

The Soviet note had said that the Soviet Government declared its readiness to continue negotiations and consideration both of the proposals of the United States and the Soviet Union.

**HIGH IMPORTANCE**  
"We are agreed to having this item included in the agenda of the next session because we attach to this question high importance as indicated by the whole tenor of the correspondence, thus far between the United States and the United States," declared Mr. Vyshinsky. The Soviet Union had never refused or declined to negotiate, he asserted.

Mr. Vyshinsky said he did not know whether the alleged five-month silence of the Soviet Union came from, for in its July note, it had said the same thing, that it was prepared to continue discussions.

"Why tell public opinion from the General Assembly rostrum about facts that never occurred," he demanded.

### PROHIBITION

"If such an atmosphere surrounds the commencement of consideration of matters of such moment, it would appear that the good result can't come out," Mr. Vyshinsky said.

Dealing with the necessity of an unconditional prohibition of atomic weapons, Mr. Vyshinsky said: "The path is not to create ourselves to atomic pools for peaceful uses, but to also ban those who have it in their hands, the atomic weapons, should say that they are conscience bound not to use it and then we can get to work in calmer conditions, since the threat of a new world war will have been eliminated."

Mr. Lodge said that no one would be happier than the United States if the Soviet Union by the acts, made it clear that it co-operated with "this great and noble project, which is the only way to the future of mankind."

Mr. Lodge said that he was waiting for such actions from the Soviet Union.—Reuter.

## Russians Plan For Space Travel

Moscow, Sept. 24  
The creation of a special scientific award to encourage research into interplanetary travel was announced here today.

The award, a gold medal named after K. W. Tsiolkovski, a pioneer in the astronautic sciences, was created by the Soviet Academy of Sciences. It is to be awarded every three years to the best work in the interplanetary sciences.

Tsiolkovski is said to be the inventor of the first interplanetary rocket.—France-Press.

## Republican Move To Save McCarthy

Washington, Sept. 24.  
Senate leaders agreed today to postpone a vote on politically explosive charges against Senator Joseph McCarthy until Nov. 8—six days after the crucial Congressional elections.

Senate Republican leader William F. Knowland, announced that he recommended the delay as the "only" way to "take place in an atmosphere free from pre-election tensions."

The said Senate Democratic leader, Lyndon B. Johnson, agreed to the procedure.

Senator Knowland's announcement came shortly after the chairman of the Senate committee studying McCarthy charges against the Senator McCarthy announced that he had reached unanimous agreement on the "main features" in the case. It announced its report will be published on Monday.—United Press.

## Nationalists Expect Red Invasion Attempt On Islands

Washington, Sept. 24.

The Chinese Nationalist Ambassador to the United States, Mr. Wellington Koo, said today Communist China would probably make a serious attempt this autumn to seize 37 Nationalist-held islands close to the Communist mainland, for use as stepping stones to Formosa.

He said that the test may come "at any time."

Commenting in an interview on Communist Premier Chen En-lai's latest call yesterday for the "liberation" of Formosa, Mr. Koo declared it should not be dismissed as mere propaganda.

"It is something the Communists feel very strongly," Mr. Koo said. "Just as the Nationalists feel equally strongly that they must return to the mainland."

Whether the Communists started an all-out assault on Formosa and the Pescadores or not "will depend a great deal on how much supplies Russia will give them in arms, aircraft, guns and ships," Mr. Koo said.

**SERIOUS ATTEMPT**  
He added: "However, the Communists will very likely make a serious attempt to take the offshore islands. They serve as stepping stones to Formosa and the Pescadores."

Mr. Koo said the Soviet Union had been holding the Chinese Communists in check by controlling the allocation of jet fuel for the Communist MIGs. When MIGs were sent up, it had to be approved by a Soviet military adviser, Mr. Koo said.

He said the Nationalist authorities "doubt" that the Russians would go so far as to provoke conflict with the United States.—Reuter.

Tel-Aviv, Sept. 24.  
Israeli Prime Minister Mr. Moshe Sharett told a Press conference today that Israel was ready to negotiate peace with Arab countries, separately or to enter collective negotiations with them.—France-Press.

## Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:  
P. 6: Tom Stacey tells you what he felt like when he discovered he was lost in an African jungle where no human had been before; King Vidor, Hollywood film director, tells some new and unusual stories about well-known film stars.  
P. 8: Edgar Lasker's fifth article in the series "Honour At Stake"—this week about a German who sued Mr. Handel Booth for fraud.  
In 1917: "Scribbles"—a satirical cartoonist continues his articles on anything, handwriting. This week he tells you how to judge character by pressure of the pen.  
P. 2: Where are the Kings of the ring today? George Whelan, a new British sports writer, introduces Gus Lashovich, Tony Moja, a writer about Hongkong's newest and fast-growing industry—shipbreaking.  
P. 5: John Deane Potter, writing about The Big Game, gives us a glimpse of London's West End, wealthy. The Glen Family is still in Scotland, but we're expecting their departure any day. See P. 5.

## UN Assembly To Debate Cyprus Issue

Britain Announces Boycott

New York, Sept. 24.

The U.N. General Assembly tonight decided to place the Cyprus issue on its agenda after Britain announced she would boycott the debate.

Voting for the inscription on the agenda was 30 to 16, with 11 abstentions.

Over strong Australian and Dutch objections, the Assembly also agreed to debate Indonesia's claim to sovereignty over Dutch ruled Western New Guinea.

By a vote of 38 for, 12 against, with nine abstentions, the 60-nation Assembly voted to inscribe the Indonesian request on its agenda. Inscription had been recommended by its Steering Committee previously.

The Assembly decided to consider the question of giving membership in the world organisation to the Indo-Chinese states of Laos and Cambodia, as proposed by Australia.

Opposing it, the Soviet delegate, Mr. G. N. Zarobin, proposed that it be deferred until all terms of the Geneva agreement on Indo-China were carried out.—Reuter.

## Ominous Threats By British 'Honduras People's Party'

Belize, British Honduras, Sept. 24.

The left-wing People's United Party, has decided to seek the immediate establishment of a ministerial system and "liberation from the colonial system" in this British colony, adjoining Mexico and Guatemala.

The annual convention of the Party, which won a sweeping victory at the first general election for a Legislative Assembly in April, also decided last night to seek grants for developing the colony.

Mr. Leigh Richardson, who was re-elected Party leader, will lead a delegation to London next month for negotiations with the British Government.

He told the convention the delegation would press for ministerial powers and would tell the British Colonial Secretary that unless they were granted, "we will not hold ourselves responsible for the consequences if the money granted is misused, as it has been in the past."

Although the PUP now controls the Legislative Assembly, giving it "power of the purse" over the Legislative programme, it has no majority in the more important Executive Council, where there is a majority of officials and nominated members.

The convention decided to ask for funds to establish a corporation to promote food production and exploit resources for money for development and welfare projects suggested by the Legislative Assembly, and for funds from a separate source for road improvements, debt relief, housing and sewage in Belize.

Mr. Richardson said they would be seeking "a lot of money" but would need still more. He added that although "up to now we are a British dependency, we do not regard Britain as our sole source of assistance."

Mr. George Price, Party Secretary, said that they had consented to go to London "because we do not want it said that we did not try to work in harmony with the Metropolitan Government controlling us, to work out the economic development of this country."

"But if we fail to get what we want, we will be justified in seeking help elsewhere," he added.—China Mail Special.

## Tibet's Lamas Flee From Red Persecution

Kalimpong, India, Sept. 24.

Tibetan lamas are fleeing to India for political asylum in such numbers that they are forced to queue up at the Kalimpong Foreign Registration Office.

The exodus began soon after reports were received of violent anti-Communist uprisings among Tibetan tribesmen in some of Tibet's western provinces.

The nervous lamas were reluctant to discuss recent Tibetan developments or their reasons for leaving their homes and positions.

One lama explained briefly that "life has become unbearable in Tibet."

He added that the Chinese rulers of Tibet had taken advantage of the absence from Tibet of the Dalai Lama, the country's top religious and civil authorities, to clamp new restrictions on the lamas, way of the land to interfere with age-old rituals in their mountain monasteries.

**CHINESE DEMANDS**  
Other refugees who are crowding into the exit and entry point on the Tibet-India frontier said that the Chinese have cut off or curtailed the free supply of foodstuffs to the monasteries, an evil practice in Tibet—and have compelled native religious lamas to join the Chinese Army's hired labour corps.

They said Communist troops were marching from monastery to monastery, demanding that the lamas comply with Communist decrees cutting down and eliminating their rituals.

The burning of yak-butter lamps, which is part of the centuries-old religious practices inside monasteries, now is banned. Special prayers which were begun in many monasteries during the summer's disastrous floods were halted by troops.—United Press.

## U.S. To Hold New Atomic Tests

Washington, Sept. 24.

The United States will begin another series of atomic tests at the Nevada proving ground early in 1955, the Atomic Energy Commission announced today.

The nuclear weapons and devices to be tested would presumably be standard fission explosives.

The United States has long tested tests of hydrogen bombs to the Eniwetok proving grounds in the Central Pacific, using the Nevada area for the smaller explosions of the conventional atomic weapons.

The last tests in Nevada were in the spring and early summer of 1953.

One of those tests included an "open" demonstration at which civil defence experts and news, radio and television reporters were present.—Reuter.

## How not to give a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observations which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.

For instance, do not roll the court before the guests arrive. Let them do it themselves while you maintain a flow of golf-handcapped talent.

Do not mind the lower left-hand corner of the court. It is the middle of a dog-dog game. It is a great source of amusement.

Do not serve A.L.S. Do not let any woman, proper and well-bred, of the House of Lords, for instance, play a game of tennis. It is a sport for the masses. It is a sport for the masses. It is a sport for the masses.

Do not let a woman play a game of tennis. It is a sport for the masses. It is a sport for the masses. It is a sport for the masses.

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Do not let a woman play a game of tennis. It is a sport for the masses. It is a sport for the masses. It is a sport for the masses.

ROGER & GALET  
Eau de Cologne  
Double Extra  
Double Extra

THE additive of proved value to your car  
SHELL WITH ICA  
IGNITION CONTROL ADDITIVE  
ONLY SHELL HAS I.C.A.

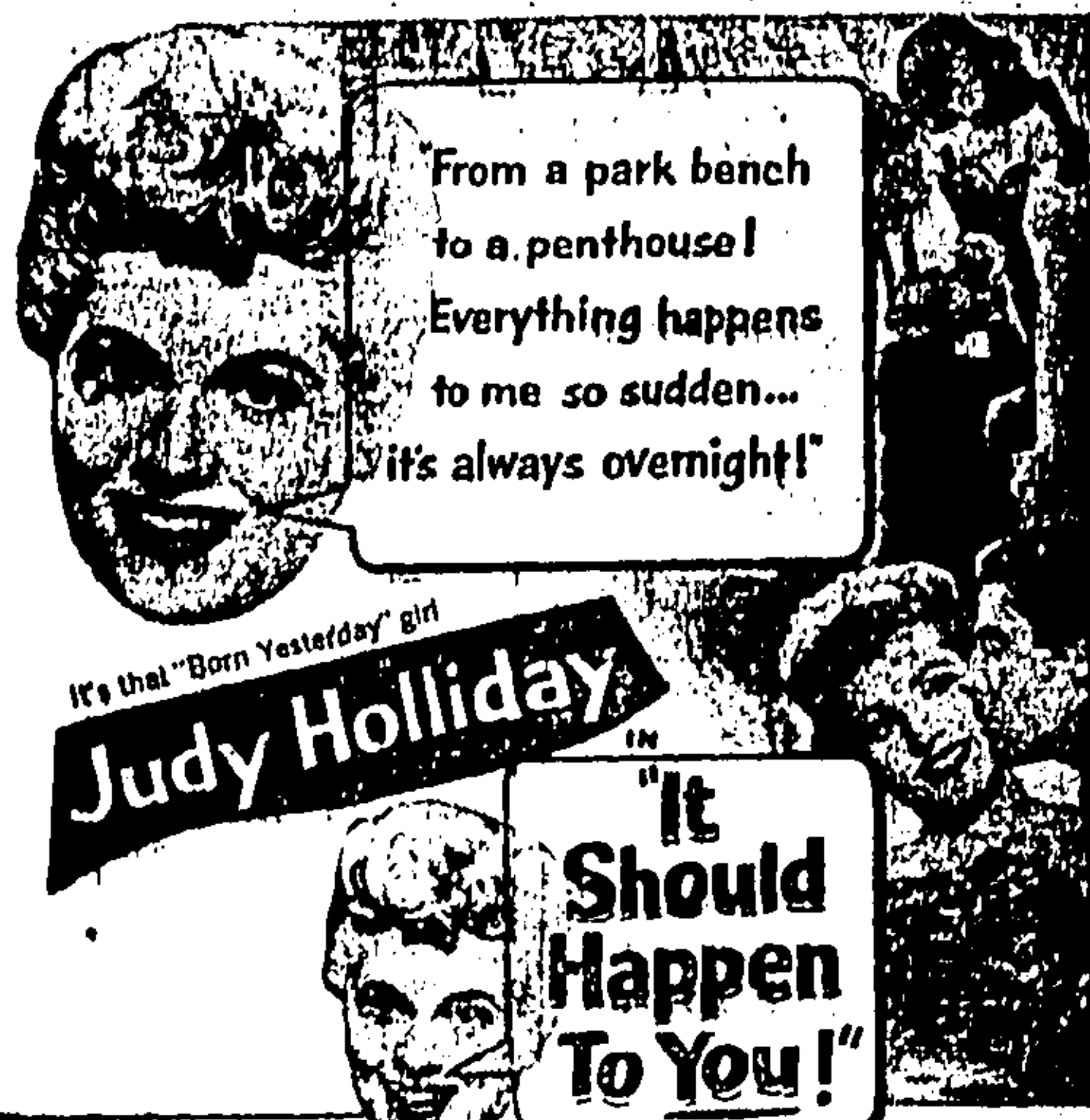
How not to give a Tennis Party  
Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observations which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.



## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

## COMMENCING TO-DAY



PETER LAWFORD JACK LEMMON

ON WIDE SCREEN AT KING'S &amp; PRINCESS

## KING'S

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.

20th Century-Fox Presents

## "TITANIC"

Starring Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Wagner

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 &amp; \$1.50

## EMPIRE

TO-MORROW  
SPECIAL MATINEE  
AT 12.30 P.M.

RICHARD WIDMARK • DANA ANDREWS

## "THE FROGMEN"

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts.

## CAPITOL LIBERTY

Tel. 73515

Tel. 50333

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

A new era in entertainment!  
Thrill After Thrill

THE BEST INDIAN PICTURE EVER PRODUCED

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

M-G-M Technicolor Productions

## CAPITOL

"EXCUSE MY DUST"

with  
Red Skelton  
Sally Forrest

## LIBERTY

"PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE"

with  
Spencer Tracy,  
Gene Tierney

AT REDUCED PRICES

## RITZ

Air Conditioning

## FINAL

SHOWING

TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.40 P.M.

The laugh-loaded salute to our P.W. hero!

## Stalag 17

Produced and Directed by  
BILLY WILDERStarring  
WILLIAM HOLDEN  
DON TAYLOR  
OTTO PREMINGERWritten for the screen by  
BILLY WILDER and  
LOUIS LUKATSKY

A Paramount Picture

TO-MORROW

"KEY LARGO"

## FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

At the LEE and GREAT WORLD the gangster film, "I, The Jury" is succeeded by another romantic extravaganza called "Siren Of Baghdad" and then young love—in the person of Debbie Reynolds—abducts experience—as typified by Dick Powell in "Susan Slept Here."

The KING'S, PRINCESS and EMPIRE are once again combining on a big picture this week-end—Judy Holliday's "It Should Happen To You" and the following week-end all three will have a circus picture—"The Greatest Show On Earth." In the middle of next week the KING'S and PRINCESS may bring back Denise Darcel and Patric Knowles in "The Flame Of Calcutta."

The ROXY and BROADWAY are filling their big CinemaScope screen with "Broken Lance"—plenty of action here, which will almost certainly add up to a long run.

"King's Row" is showing at present at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA, with after that, "The Iron Glove" and, next week-end "Push-over."

The Indian picture "Aan", which I mentioned last week, is at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY. Its successor will be that hardy annual, "Gone With The Wind" or, as the American trade papers affectionately refer to it, "GWTW."

The HOOPER seems to have got an unexpected winner in "The Moon Is Blue." Unexpected, because although this is an excellent picture and has been well received elsewhere, the dialogue is very swift, subtle and unrepentant and therefore difficult to translate into Cantonese.

The majority of the Colony's filmgoers, however, seem to have been quite unperturbed by this and the situations alone seem to have convulsed them, even when they couldn't possibly have followed both the action and the subtitles.

This success has thrown "Sabre Jet" off course and it won't be shown until later on. "When In Rome" with Van Johnson and Paul Douglas will follow "The Moon Is Blue," with "Scarlet Spear" next.

You good have no qualms about laughing in the middle of "The Siren Of Baghdad" despite its sultry title. Except for one or two of the love scenes, it was made with the producer's tongue firmly in his cheek.

Once again the deposed ruler and his daughter plotting to overthrow the despot who has seized power. On hand to supply a few tricks of legerdemain so useful in matters of this kind is a suave magician—Paul Henreid.

The smooth Frenchman finds time in between making people vanish to woo the Sultan's daughter, Patricia Medina, and fight several duels—all in glorious Technicolor.

I don't think there's much in this to hurt the children if they're pestering you to take them to the cinema.

## DIZZY DELIVERY

Being very sensitive to voices, they're the first things to grate on me if they're pitched too high, too low or have a harsh accent. Bad to say, Judy Holliday's breathless, dizzy delivery is one of these.

I say "yes" because in every other way "It Should Happen To You" is a good picture. It's got plenty of action and movement in spite of the emphasis on wisecracks (sorry if that's

rather a dated word) and the situations are new and refreshing.

Peter Lawford makes an excellent spoiled son of a wealthy businessman and the newcomer who has most to do—apart from Judy Holliday—is a young man with a pleasant personality called Jack Lemmon.

Let me hasten to add that there is no youngster learning how to act at the expense of the cinema cash customers. He's already established on the Broadway stage and on American television and takes to the new medium like a duck to water.

As Gladys Glover, the girl who is nobody but wants to be somebody, Judy Holliday couldn't have been bettered.

After she's had her name—just the name, nothing else—put up on a hoarding over the equivalent of our Leicester Square, she makes her escort drive round and round counting times so that she can add it. And, strangely enough, with Judy doing it, it doesn't seem so silly after all.

"It Should Happen To You" says the publicity of the general public in accepting exactly what they're told.

They see her name in gigantic letters on posters all over New York, think she must be somebody—and rush to get her autograph.

After her name has become a household word, the smart operator (in this case a television commentator) turns up to "organise" her career for her and Gladys finds herself in ever increasing demand as a model, as a goodwill girl for the American Services, as a personality girl—etc.

And Judy Holliday's cleverness lies in her ability to make it all so believable.

Peter Lawford is the amiable wolf and Jack Lemmon the nice boy who gets her in the end.

## SURPRISE!

Well, surprised, surprised! Robert Wagner can act—not passably, but well. I'm sure anybody who saw him in "Prince Valiant" will share my astonishment when they see him in "Broken Lance."

It's not that he's a rose among thorns either. In this picture he's up against some pretty stiff competition in the persons of Spencer Tracy,



URSULA THIES—the most beautiful girl in the world?

## Audrey Can Supply Her Own True Plot

Says DAVID LEWIN

Audrey Hepburn, the golden girl of films, is still waiting to make her first British starring picture.

She owes the British company which put her under contract when she was just out of a West End chorus a film a year for three years.

The idea was to make the first film a success. That plan is now postponed. For two reasons: (1) Miss Hepburn is in Switzerland, recuperating from mental and physical exhaustion; (2) There is not a suitable story ready for Miss Hepburn to film in England.

So, in the spring when she is fit again, back the golden girl goes to Hollywood where there could be a true-life story of Audrey Hepburn ready for scripting.

The scenes would be set in London, New York, and Switzerland. The stars—Miss Hepburn and an American actor Mel Ferrer.

Here is the background on which the film-writers could work.

Open in London. Mel Ferrer is making a picture over here. Audrey Hepburn is in town on a brief visit.

At one of those after-film cocktail parties they meet. Mr Ferrer is 37 years old, with the lean anxious face of a man that women like to mother. Miss Hepburn, 24 years old, remembers the name.

THE WATER SPIRIT. Switch to New York. A new play is being rehearsed for Broadway. "Ondine" is its title—about a water spirit who falls in love with a knight.

Audrey Hepburn gets the star part as the spirit. And then she finds that Mel Ferrer is to play opposite her.

Before the premiere Mr Ferrer is showing off the sights of his town to Miss Hepburn. He takes her home after the show.

Then the first night. The audience cheers little Audrey. It

calls for her to take a curtain call alone. But always by her side on stage is Mel Ferrer.

CURTAIN CALLS. The next day the critics scold Mr Ferrer for his "churlishness" in insisting on sharing the girl's curtain calls.

Miss Hepburn springs to his defence. "After all, it is his play too," she says. A couple of weeks more of complaints and Mr Ferrer leaves her to take the stage alone at the end of the play.

But, before the curtain goes up and again afterwards, Mr Ferrer is by her side. They go to parties together; they eat at theatrical restaurants.

Broadway murmurs "romance." The principals say nothing. And then, earlier this year, Miss Hepburn has a breakdown. The doctors say she can continue in the play if she shuns parties, rests as much as she can.

In the late spring, when the play closes, Audrey Hepburn comes to Europe.

The latest scene is set in Switzerland and Italy. Miss Hepburn is in the mountains resting. No telephone calls are put through to her retreat.

And then, last week, Mel Ferrer comes into the picture again. He flies to Italy to make a film there. It is not too anxious a journey from Italy to Switzerland.

From here on the script-writers are on their own. They should not find it too difficult to round off the story either way. After all Audrey Hepburn's film "Roman Holiday" did not have a traditional happy-ever-after ending.

(London Express Service)

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.40 P.M.

The first motion picture photographed with the newly-perfected Anamorphic camera lenses in

## CINEMASCOPE



ADDED ATTRACTION! "NEW HORIZONS" in Technicolor

A breathless tour of form and inspiring view crossing the Alps

ALSO / DOD / 1954 / 20th Century-Fox / 1954 / 20th Century-Fox / 1954 / 20th Century-Fox

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

## TO-DAY ONLY

AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.40 P.M.



## OPENS TO-MORROW

QUEEN'S: 5 SHOWS SUNDAY Extra Performance at 11.30 A.M.



## ALHAMBRA

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

20th Century-Fox presents in Technicolor

## "PONY SOLDIER"

Starring Tyrone Power

Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts.

## ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

ON OUR NEW GIANT WIDE SCREEN!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30

Another New Programme of Technicolor Cartoons

## KAI-TAK PLAYERS

A NEW STAGE COMEDY

## "ESCAPADE"

by

Roger MacDougall

MISSIONS TO SHAMEN

(Next to China Fleet Club)

Hong Kong

Oct. 8th &amp; 9th

at 8.15 p.m.

Bookings: Moultree

## THE HONG KONG STAGE CLUB

There will be a Casting Meeting

## "DEAR CHARLES"

A Comedy by Alan Ayckbourn

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 27th 1954

at 8 p.m.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL 1st FLOOR



## LEE GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30,  
5.30, 7.30 &  
9.30 P.M.

## FINAL TO-DAY

NOW! HIS FIRST  
MOTION PICTURE  
BLASTS YOU OUT  
OF YOUR SEAT!MICKEY SPILLANE'S  
"I, THE JURY"

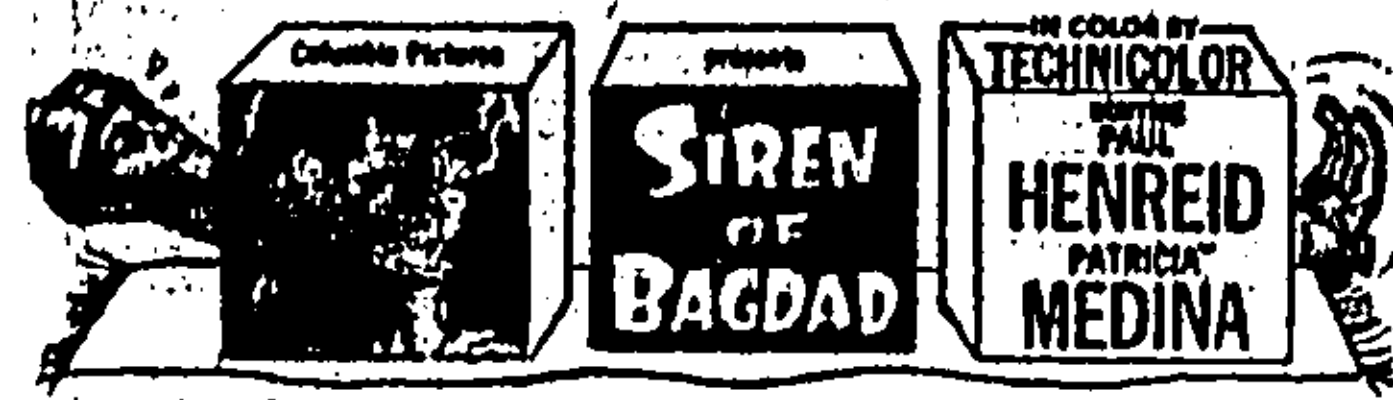
Released from United Artists

## TO-MORROW

EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW  
AT 12.00 NOON

LEE:

"SIREN OF BAGDAD"

one free bottle of "MUTELL" to each  
ticket holder.

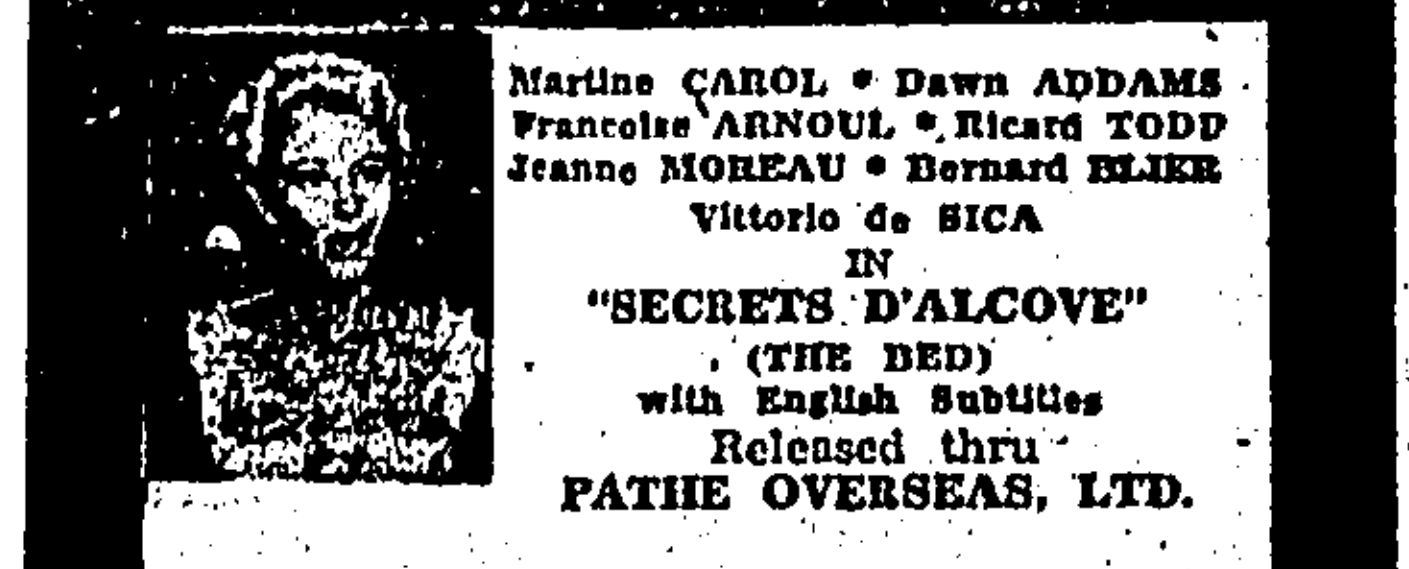
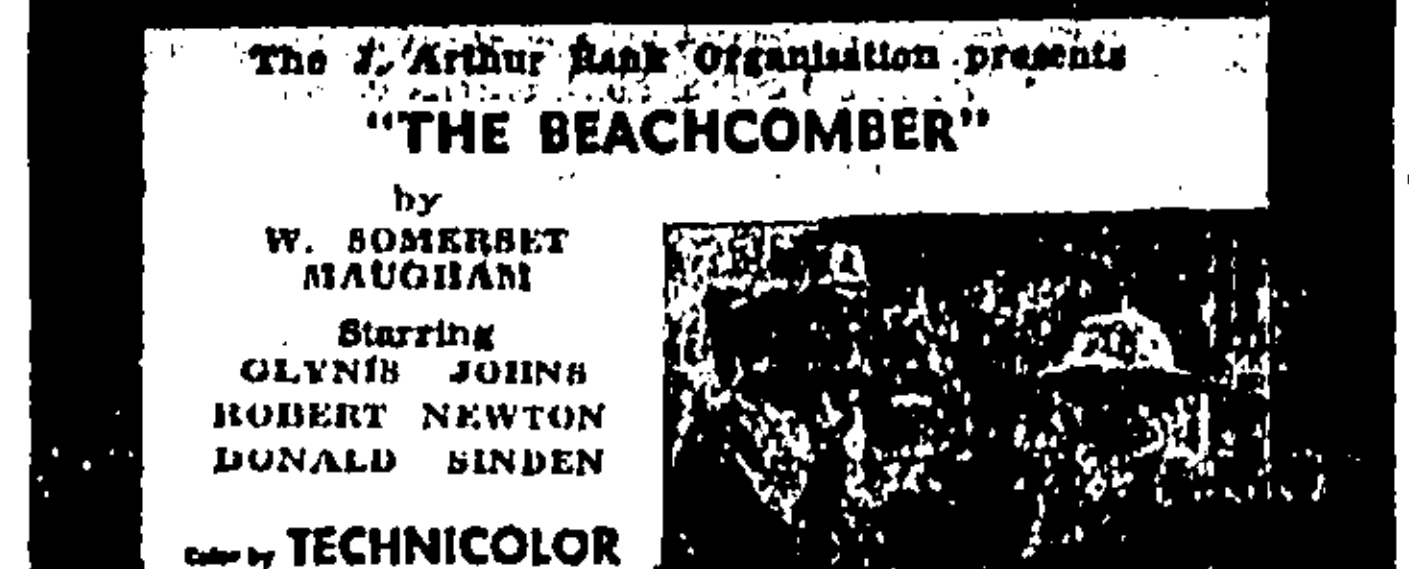
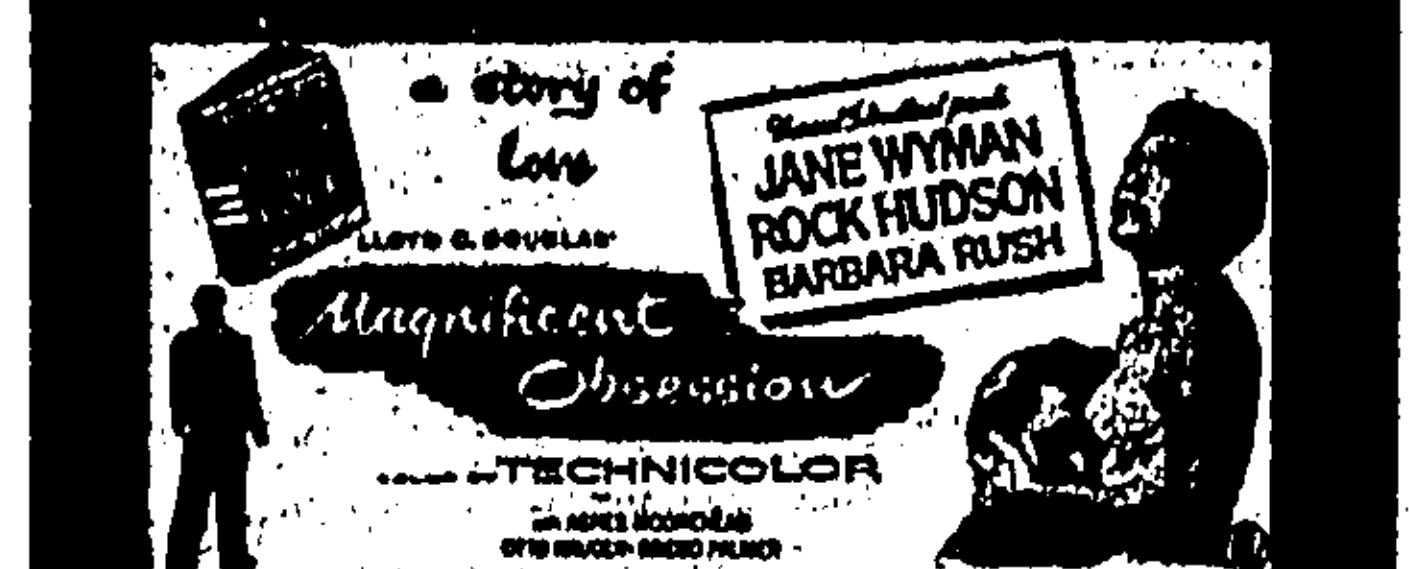
## GREAT WORLD

## MORNING SHOW

TO-MORROW AT 12.30 p.m.

20th Century-Fox Presents  
MIGHTY MOUSE COLOR CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

## Pictures You Can't Afford To Miss:

COMING SOON TO THE  
LEE AND GREAT WORLDSHOWING TO-DAY MAJESTIC AT 2.30, 5.20,  
7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

"DESERT FOX" A 20th Century  
Fox Picture  
At Reduced Prices! \$1.20, 70 cts. & 40 cts.

## Ladies:—

To Go With Your New  
'Flattie Look'—How  
About A Flat Hairdo?

New York.

A flat-topped hairdo inspired by the latest  
Paris fashions featuring flattened fronts in the  
number one favourite at the National Beauty  
Trades show being held here now.Approximately 12,000 beauty  
salon owners and operators are  
attending the show at the  
Statler Hotel. The show features  
demonstrations of new hairdos  
by leading stylists and the  
latest beauty shop equipment.Various versions of a new  
cut called "Americano" are  
predicted for next year as re-  
placement for the jagged  
Italian cut now popular. The  
flat-topped version is one, but  
in all the cuts the hair is kept  
short, brushed up from the  
forehead, back smoothly at the  
sides and then curled over the  
ears. Short curls at the nape  
of the neck are brushed into a  
"kissable neckline" to replace  
the clipped back of the Italian  
cut."The hair is cut about an  
inch longer than it is for an  
Italian cut," a spokesman for  
the beauty show explained. "If  
there is any length at all, it is  
usually on the sides. The back  
hair at the nape of the neck is  
only about one and a half inches  
long."  
The beauty show, which is  
sponsored by the National Hair-dressers and Cosmetologists  
Association, awards a four-foot  
gold trophy to the stylist who  
creates the most hairdo for the  
final programme of the three-  
day meeting.Competing stylists will all  
create short, simple hair styles  
to go with the new "casual  
look" in clothes."The most dazzling thing  
about new hair styles is the  
colour," a show spokesman said.  
"We're featuring brilliant new  
hair dyes, but there is nothing  
exaggerated about the hair  
styles."—United Press.

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith

"We've spent so many vacations at fishing places, the  
girls really like it—I hope we don't have two old maid  
fishermen on our hands!"A Piece Of Wood May Be  
The Clue To A Fortune  
Outside San Francisco's Golden Gate

San Francisco.

A piece of teakwood a diver found eight years ago in the cold,  
dark waters outside the Golden Gate will lure him back to the depths in  
quest of treasure.A.B. (Sandy) Settle came  
across the wood, charred by fire  
and long immersed, when he  
was participating in the fruit-  
less search for the sunken  
steamer, Rio de Janeiro in 1946.  
Examination of the wood later  
showed it to be teak. And this  
led to speculation that it might  
have been part of the wooden-  
hulled City of Chester, which  
was destroyed by fire and sank  
three miles outside the Golden  
Gate in 1889 and reportedly  
carried a cargo of gold and  
silver.Settle, a marine salvage man  
by trade, was recently granted  
permission for his forthcoming  
project by the Army Corps of  
Engineers. He is working at  
present on a smaller job in  
the choppy waters off Pt. Arena,  
California, and expects to tackle  
the City of Chester soon after  
he returns to his Berkeley home.  
Settle says it was on a sandy  
mound in 90 feet of water that  
he found the piece of wood.  
He believes the mound is  
actually a ship which sank,  
sweeping out the Golden Gate,  
and covered down through the  
years.

## Didn't Work

In 1946, efforts to penetrate  
the mound by "jet stream"  
failed. In the jet process, sal-  
vagers attempt to move sand  
and other underwater matter  
by directing a high-pressure  
stream of water on it. Settle  
this time hopes to probe the  
mound with an old-fashioned  
suction pump.For a number of years, real  
and proposed salvage ventures  
outside the "Gate" have cap-  
tured public attention. All are  
inspired by aged stories that  
each of the three ships claimed  
by the treacherous "Mile Rock"  
Rec" within the last three-  
quarters of a century was laden  
with treasure.An old hand on San Fran-  
cisco's waterfront had this to  
say: "Some years ago some  
mound with an old-fashioned  
suction pump."The Post Office has suspended  
the mailing privileges of a firm  
decorating its glass stands and  
ash trays with the nude calen-  
dar portrait of actress Marilyn  
Monroe until the court's deci-  
sion if the picture is obscene.The Post Office action came  
to light with the filing of an  
injunction suit on behalf of  
Eddie Le Baron, manufacturer  
of the ash trays and glass  
stands. He asked that Post-  
master Otto K. Olsen be re-  
strained from halting mail de-  
livery of the objects pending a  
trial.The suit indicated the sus-  
pension order was based on  
a hearing examiner's opinion  
that the reproductions of the  
famed calendar picture was sold  
by Baron's firm were "low,  
vulgar and indecent."Miss Monroe posed for the  
calendar art several years ago  
before she became famous. She  
readily admitted that the nude  
picture was taken of her by a  
Hollywood photographer, and  
sold to the firm which used it  
for the calendar decoration.Is Marilyn  
Monroe  
(In The Nude)  
Obscene?

Hollywood.

The Post Office has suspended  
the mailing privileges of a firm  
decorating its glass stands and  
ash trays with the nude calen-  
dar portrait of actress Marilyn  
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before she became famous. She  
readily admitted that the nude  
picture was taken of her by a  
Hollywood photographer, and  
sold to the firm which used it  
for the calendar decoration.Time passes....  
quality remains

FAVRE-LEUBA

Sub Agents:  
KU HOW SOON CO.,  
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FAMOUS PEKING DUCK  
and  
CHINESE DISHESNIGHT CLUB  
DANCE MUSIC EVERY NIGHT

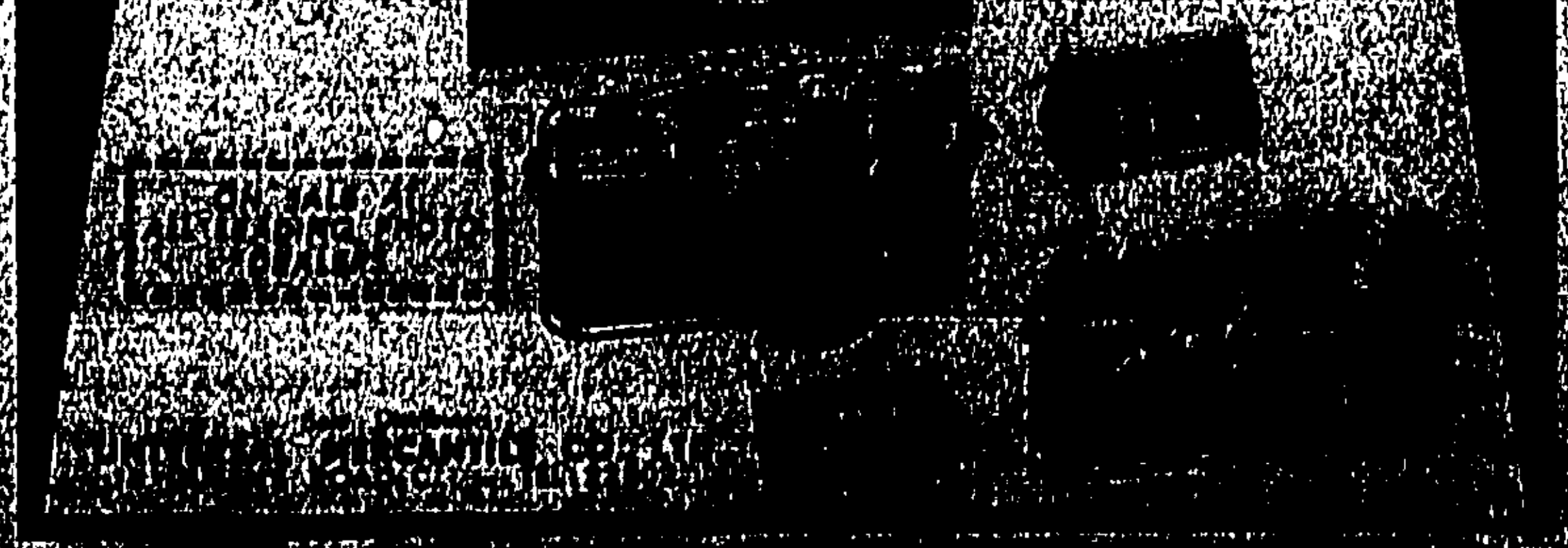
## PRINCESS

EXTRA SHOWS TO-MORROW  
AT 11.00 A.M.20th CENTURY-FOX presents  
A VARIETY PROGRAMME OF  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONSADMISSION: \$1.50 & \$1.00  
AT 12.20 P.M.

ADMISSION: \$1.50 &amp; \$1.00

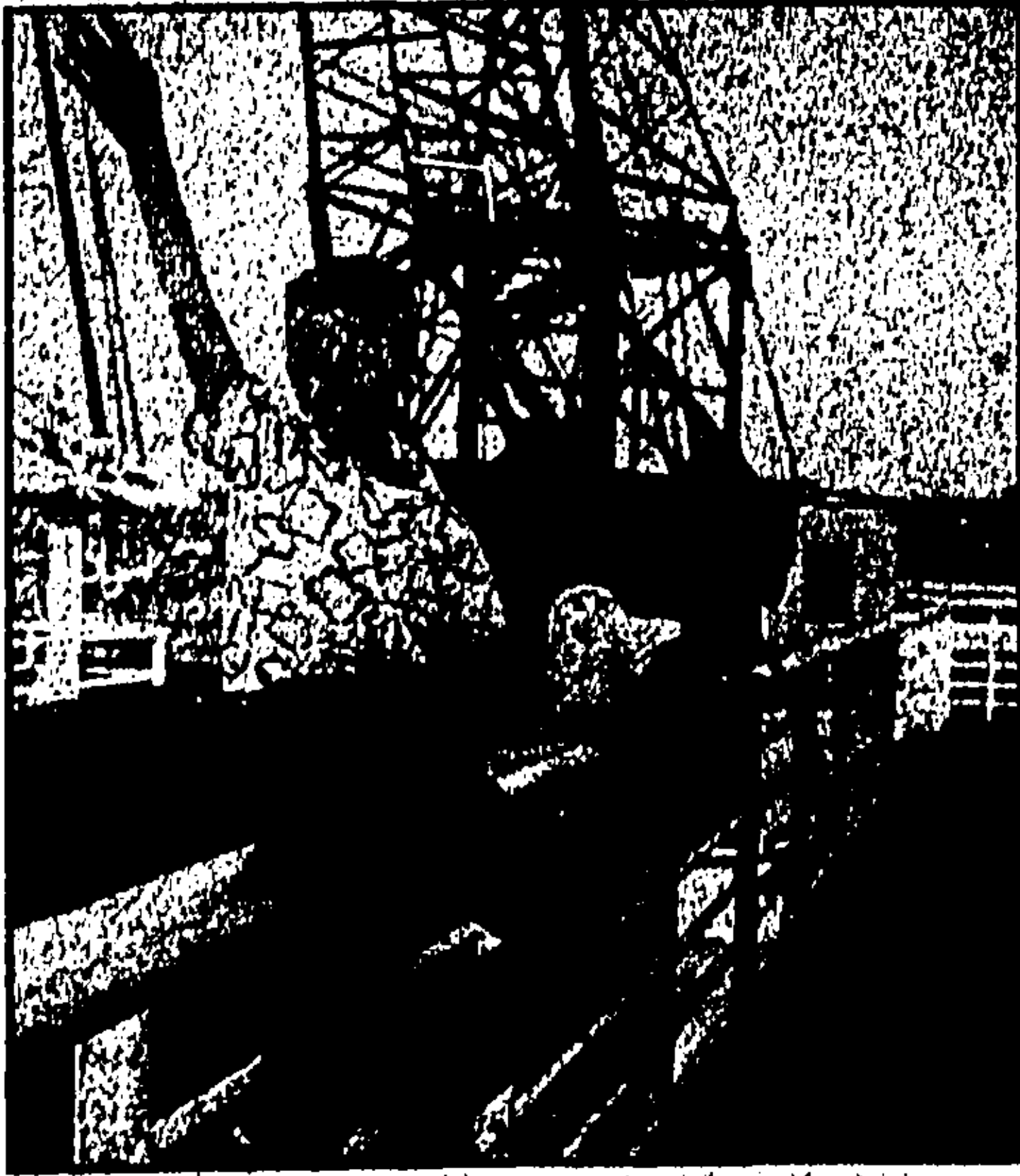
Sensational Triumphs  
In Modern Photographyyours  
only  
in a...

LEICA CAMERA

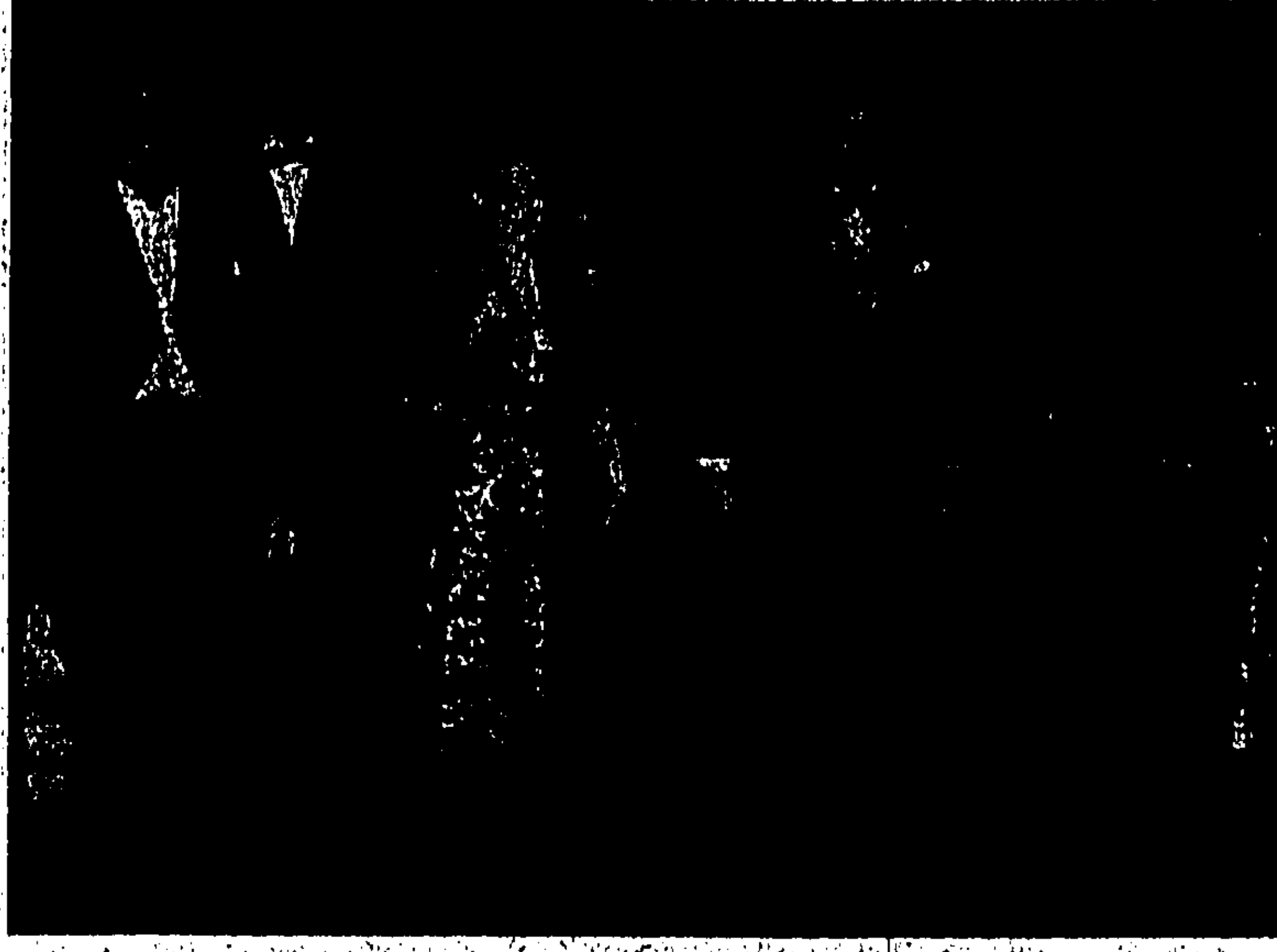




# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



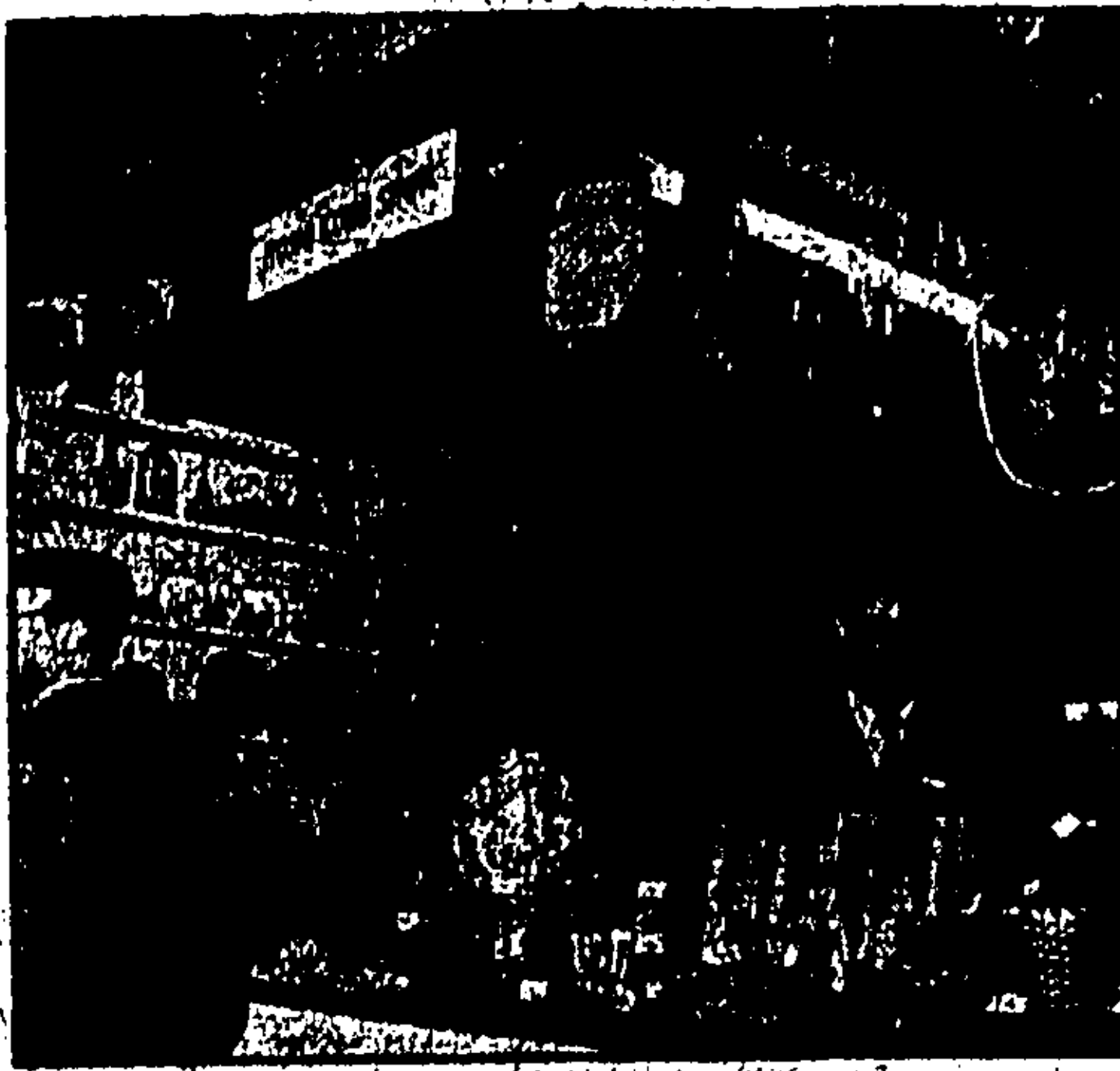
EUGENE HART, 11, of Brooklyn, walked aboard the 53,000-ton liner United States while she was docked in New York, and two hours later, after he had seen most of the ship, discovered she had sailed. They carried him to England, and here he is waving goodbye at Southampton on the return voyage. He wrote an airmail letter to his mother from England. (Express)



PRINCESS MARGARET arriving at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, to see ballerina Moira Shearer in her first acting role, that of the fairy queen Titania in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Express)



AT the World Government dinner held at the Dorchester Hotel, London. Seen together, just before the dinner, are Madame Huu, a Vietnam delegate, and Lord Beveridge. (Express)



The Hongkong stand at the International Handicrafts Exhibition at Olympia, London, which attracted much attention. Reduction of purchase tax has stimulated sales. (Express)

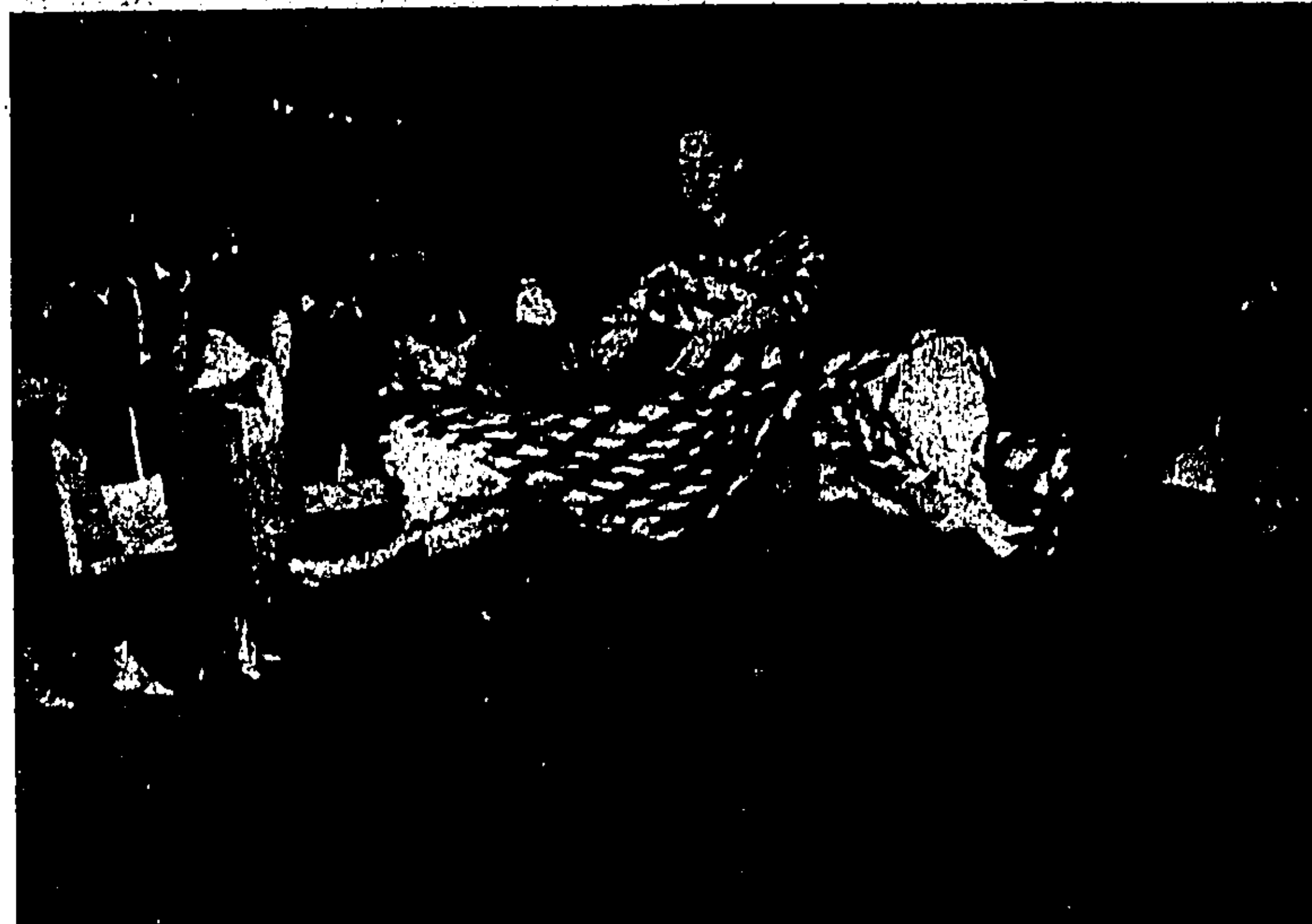


LEFT: Skating star Belita is pictured here pouring a bottle of champagne over the ice rink to launch the British Food Fair, sponsored by the Daily Express. It was the first of its kind in Britain since the end of the war. (Express)

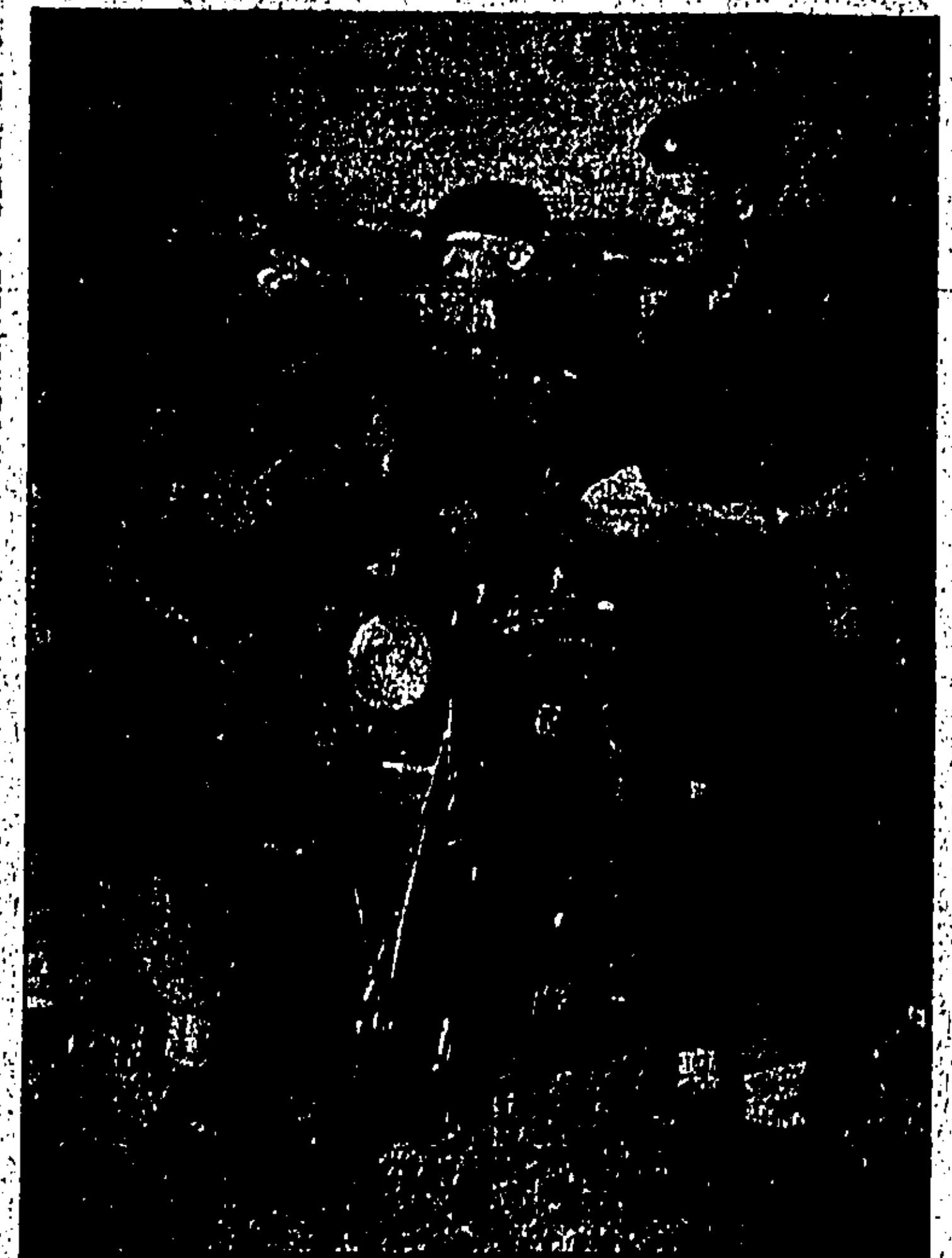
GENERAL Hans Spettel, the man behind Germany's rearmament planning, has been on a secret visit to Britain. Here he is seen at the Farnborough air show in the company of Britain's Minister of Defence, Field Marshal Lord Alexander. (Express)



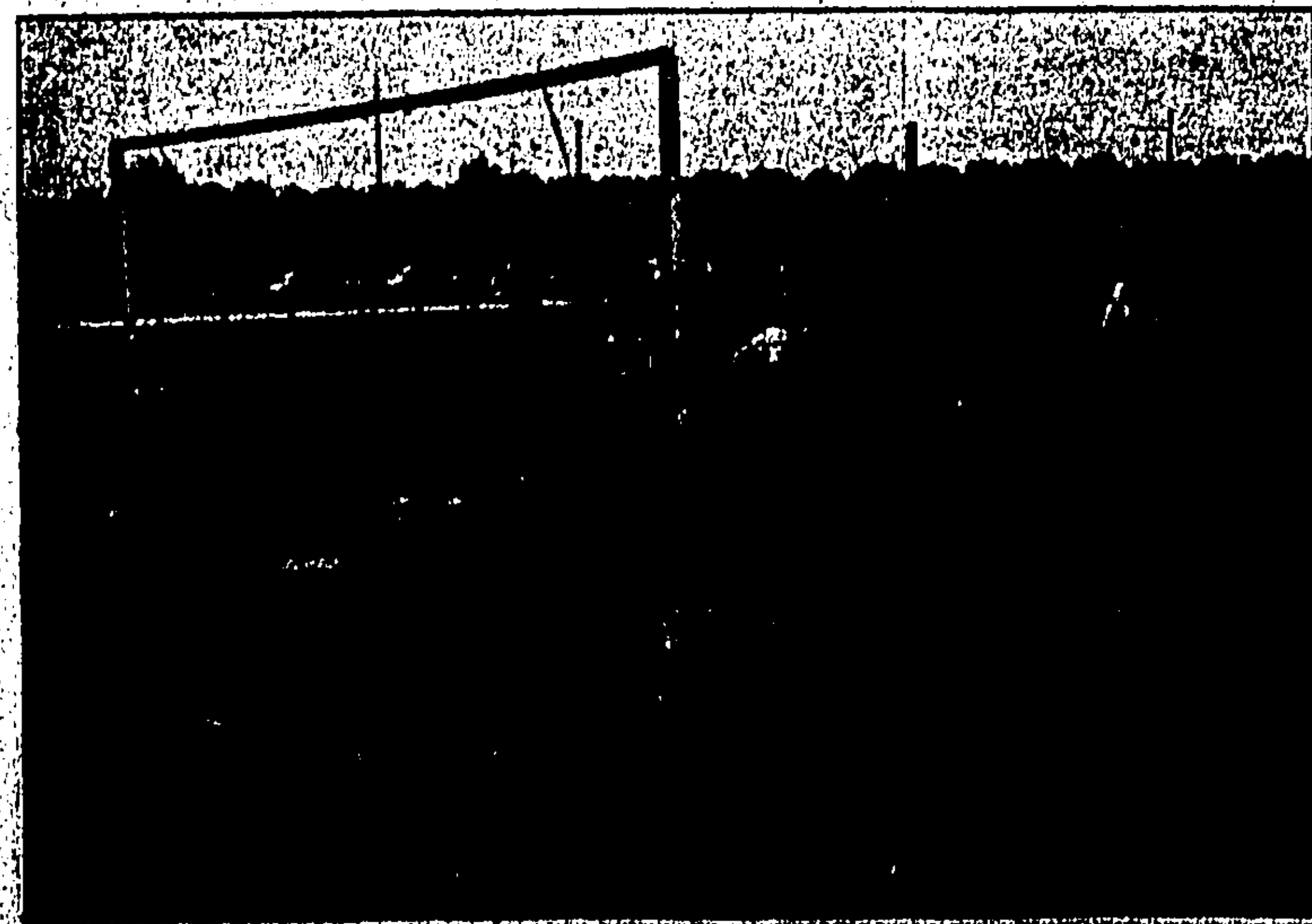
ANTON DOLIN wishes good luck to 23-year-old Danish ballerina Toni Lander in her dressing room at London's Royal Festival Hall before the first presentation of the Festival Ballet's new production, "Napoli." (Express)



BELOW: The Maharajah of Jaipur and the Maharani pictured at their "farewell to London" party for their friends at the Casanova Club. (Express)

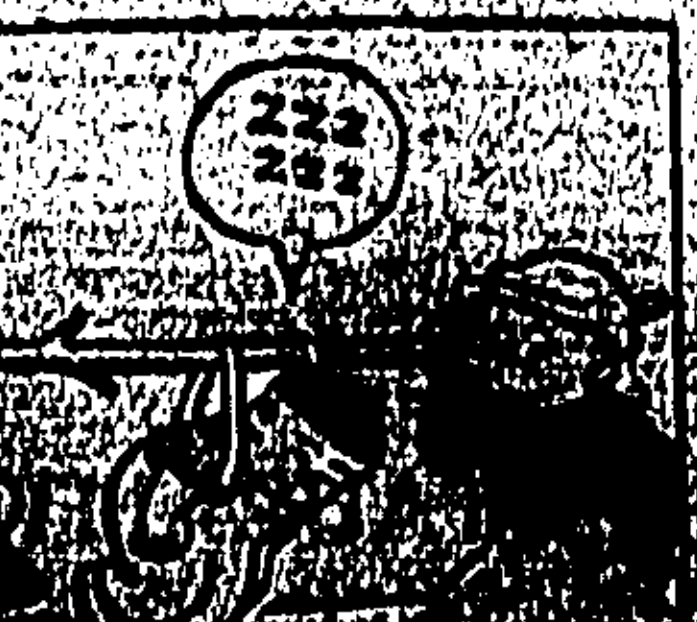


CHRIS CHATAWAY, the athlete, in the uniform of a Lieutenant of the Territorial Army, pointing out a feature during manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain. Chataway performed a great service by pacing Roger Bannister during his sensational mile run.



DOWN in London, many of the young people have been seen wearing hats and coats. The young people have been seen wearing hats and coats. The young people have been seen wearing hats and coats. (Express)

## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



## AMERICA COLUMN

from  
NEWELL ROGERSTALLER  
AND  
TALLER

New York. AFTER Chicago financier Colonel Henry Crown bought the controlling interest of the tallest building in the world, New York's 1,472ft. Empire State Building, financier Robert R. Young announced he would build a yet taller skyscraper.

Colonel Crown's deal took place at an undisclosed price. In 1951 the Empire State Building changed hands for \$51,000,000.

Its net earnings are about \$6,000,000, less \$1,554,000 in taxes.

A MULTIPLE food shops company bought 85,000 tickets to the football game between Villanova and Mississippi universities in the Philadelphia Stadium on October 2. They are for distribution to patrons—mostly housewives.

SPIES: A new search is on, as the result of four anti-subversive laws passed by Congress just before it adjourned. Until then, some of the spies were known, but the law looked upon them as spies.

Four top Government lawyers, each an expert on espionage, went before a grand jury to present evidence and question witnesses.

FROGS and toads not only talk to each other, but develop regional accents, just as do Lancashire men or Yankees, reports scientist W. Frank Blair.

He bases his findings on tape-recorded "interviews" taken on the Southern American marshes—and tells the American Institute of Biological Sciences that these regional accents prevent mating with strangers.

SPANIARDS and West Germans will compete in this year's New York Horse Show, but this year there will be no British team.

Show head waiter Devereaux says he doesn't know why Britain turned the invitation down.

MESSRS REX SUTTON, George Pratt, and R. B. Ramsay, of Little Rock, Arkansas, have filed articles of incorporation for the Mars Development Company.

Objects: "To subdivide, survey, title and develop an area on the said planet Mars to competent persons, for suitable remuneration."

PROFESSIONAL gamblers can deduct their losses from income tax declarations, says the Internal Revenue Service.

But not amateur gamblers. Yet in America the punter who makes their living some other way have to declare their winnings as part of their taxable income.

HOW CRAZY are  
these film people?

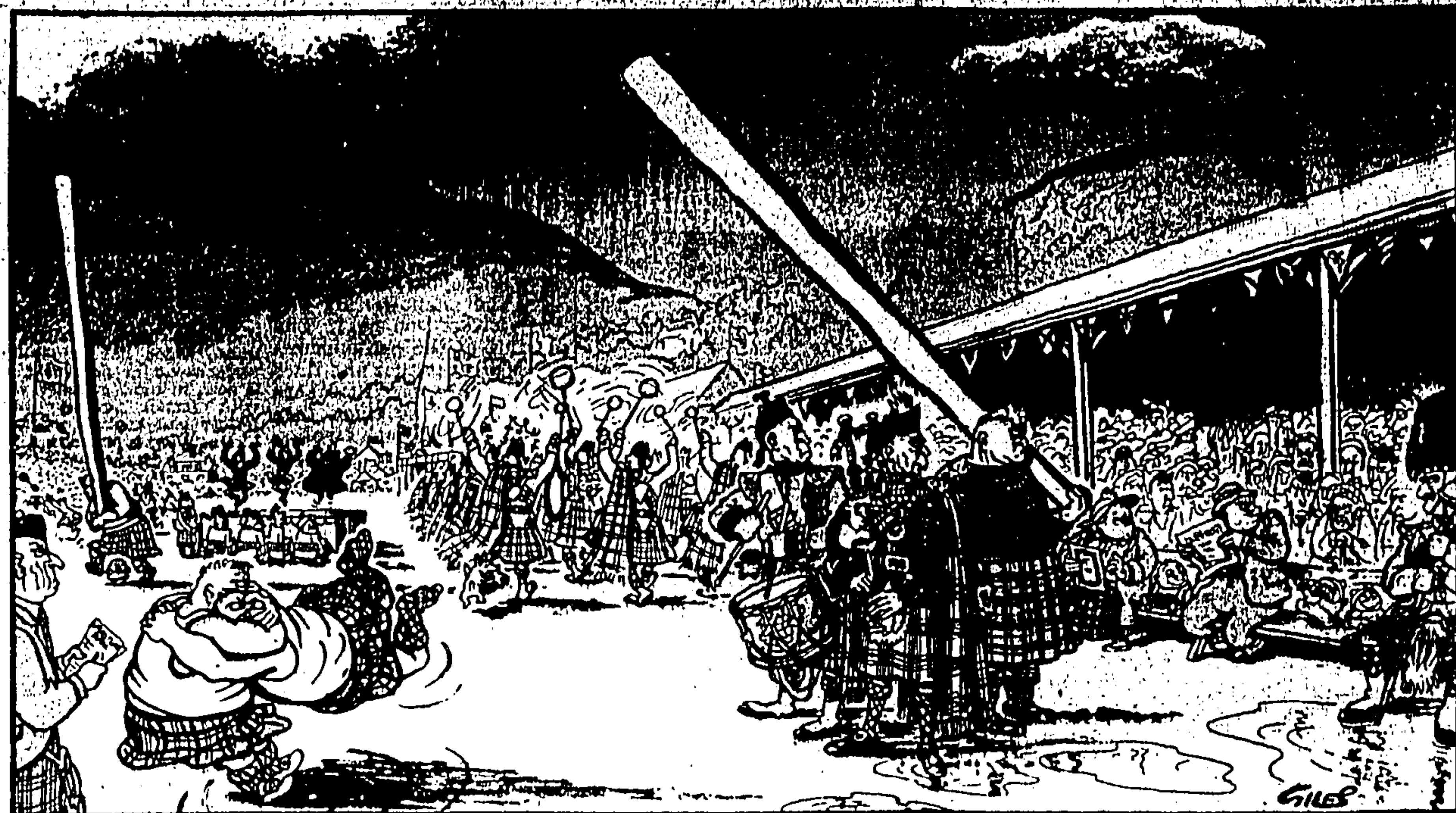
THERE'S no business as crazy as film business. A book published recently confirms this—if it needed confirming.

It is by one of Hollywood's top directors, King Vidor, who has been in films from the start, and has observed the life around him with affectionate cynicism.

In Hollywood, according to Vidor, anything could happen—and often does.

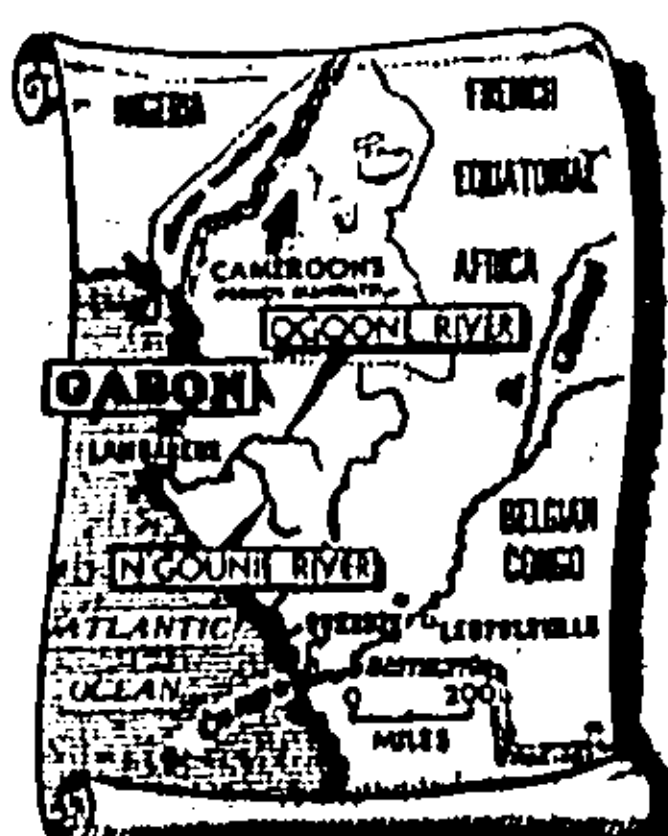
Vidor had to direct LAURETTE TAYLOR in *Pog o' My Heart*. She was 42, looked 70 in a screen test—and was supposed to be 18 in the story. An age-reducing gadget was devised. A spotlight, with light-reflecting attached, was focused on Miss Taylor's face, the operator keeping a hand on her all the time. "This served to burn out some of the lines around the eyes and created a false, but perfectly formed, jaw and chin shadow," says Vidor. The result: Miss Taylor looked 18.

LILLIAN GISH thought that a love story in which there was no actual contact between the lovers would be highly effective. "I was written to be kissed by GISH," GILBERT, then the screen's Great Lover, only through a window pane. The screen was not without any contact between the lovers. "I was written to be kissed by GISH," GILBERT, then the screen's Great Lover, only through a window pane. The screen was not without any contact between the lovers. "I was written to be kissed by GISH," GILBERT, then the screen's Great Lover, only through a window pane. The screen was not without any contact between the lovers.



"I want to go to Farnborough Air Show!"

London Express Service



THE STACEY WORLD

Travel with STACEY  
into an area left blank  
on the map of the jungleMY ELEVEN  
'LOST' DAYS

TOM STACEY finds adventure in the unknown

TOM STACEY, the explorer who is on a journey in the Unknown in the heart of Africa, reports from an area which the maps mark simply 'Unexplored'. "To fill in the white space on my map," he says, "we written the words: BLUPHANT and GORILLAS. Gorillas do not make maps of all, so it is up to us to make my map as best I can."

Four of us set out northwards from a N'Goune riverside village. There was my hand-some 6ft. 4ins. Fang friend (he is a member of the distant, semi-branch of the tribe, and not acquainted with these actual parts and people); a bright young Nigerian friend of his, and me. That makes three, and was the team I planned.

Make-believe BUT my Fang friend's 14-year-old wife had accompanied us up to the last river village, hoping to put up with an old chum of hers. The chum happened to be away. So the wife came too. Earlier I had lent her my canvas air travel bag, sleek and blue, to keep her things in. This bag the travelling-faced lady bore with some dignity on her head

throughout the journey. Without knowing it, we reached the limits of habitation on the first night. This last village was four bark-walled, rush-roof huts. Three men (one blind) and four scraggy women. No chief (supposedly in neighbouring big village). No children (everyone sterile). No bananas (elephants raided plantations). No hope.

Helplessness We took game traps. Where game traps failed to consider my compass needle, we cut.

What does it feel like, prancing off through unexplored territory a long way from home? Well, in the early days your legs, feet, shoulders and back get sore, so you think about them.

Later on, you think: Is it worth it? This is a dangerous thought, and should be dismissed.

Then you think, about subconsciously: "I suppose I am going to get, but all right, aren't I?" If you start thinking that, you must try to learn to be very patient with the jungle.

Plenty of sleep, preferably in not too thickly overgrown camp sites, so as to discourage claustrophobia.

After thoughts turn much on home—the folk there and the food.

When an airplane goes over very high, at night—as it did with us when we were deep inside—you feel an exaggerated sense of helplessness.

For some days, game and their traces were abundant—elephants, buffalo (buffalo live with leopards in being the most dangerous beasts around the place), and the small cat.

Troops of monkeys did trapeze acts for us every few hundred yards—shouting and yelling like children during the milk break.

named a mountain, we had discovered a mountain. Stacey, and was a great help. This naming was legitimate, as we were some six days' hard territory, recognized as unexplored, and I shall speak to the French Survey Office about Mount Stacey.

The most sinister event in this country was the sudden discovery of a lot of gorilla footprints, which at a moment's glance look like a man's handprint. When one is some 60 walking miles—London to Oxford, say—from any known human habitation, things resembling man's handprints came unexpectedly.

## Footprints

ON day seven I found gold. It was very evident in various small streams. I also found traces of copper.

It was in the morning, two days before reaching occupied human habitation again (I knew we were some distance off) that we met fresh human footprints. The Nigerian boy and I were mystified by them.

Then, after a while, with these footprints (and other signs) persisting on our game track, this terrible explanation emerged from my frightened Fang friend and Pudding Face:

These were the footprints of Mabanga—the highly paid murder gangs who supply the riverside witch doctors with the required ingredients for their magical medicines. Mabanga live deep in the jungle.

These footprints—two people—persisted all morning. Later we lost them. I was glad—but the tempo of this journey had begun to mount.

## The ghosts

THE following night we struck a "ghost" village, deserted some years ago.

The huts had mostly fallen sideways. They offered pathetic opposition to the jungle, thin bamboo parallelograms with young jungle trees bursting up through the roofs.

I slept in an old hay bed, with rats the size of beer bottles that walked over me.

The other members of my party burned down two huts. I hated to see the huts go up in flames—unreasonably, I know—and I forbade the Africans to fire the whole village.

My young Nigerian sulker, and asked why I could not explain I think I wanted to leave the ghost in peace.

Next morning we learned why that village had been there. We stumbled on a tiny abandoned European settlement—a gold prospecting outfit, apparently. The grey, yellow, crumpled, almost black, still bloated, heavy, brown, saw-sawed foliage guided the huts.

Presenting the  
Tudor Oyster Prince

For the man whose purse is modest, yet whose aspirations are high, Rolex of Geneva have specially commissioned the Tudor Oyster Prince.

In many respects, the amazing Tudor Oyster Prince matches the most expensive wrist-watches. For Rolex of Geneva have endowed this watch with the famous Oyster waterproof case and the reliable "rotor" self-winding mechanism.

Thus we have a magnificent watch, thoroughly waterproof, automatically wound, yet priced at a moderate level.

Rolex of Geneva have submitted the Tudor Oyster Prince to the most rigorous tests ever devised for a self-winding wrist-watch. So impressive were the results of these tests, that it has been decided to make them the subject of a world-wide advertising campaign. The first advertisement in this series is reproduced below.

For those of your customers who look longingly at a Rolex Perpetual, but lack the means to buy one, show them the Tudor Oyster Prince. In its field, this is undoubtedly the finest watch Swiss skill and experience have ever produced. It is retailed to the public, as illustrated.



The Tudor Oyster Prince, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva. Water-proofed by the famous Oyster case, self-wound by the unique "rotor" mechanism; the Tudor Oyster Prince is the most outstanding wrist-watch for its price ever offered to the public.



This advertisement, the first of the new series, features the "Trial of Destruction." Six Tudor Oyster Princes were worn, one after the other, by a workman who spent a total of 30 hours operating a pneumatic drill. At the close of the drill he inspected, each watch suffered over 1,000,000 tremendous shocks. Yet the Tudor watches emerged unharmed and functioning perfectly!

TUDOR  
Oyster Prince

# THE DUTCH BABY

## FULL CREAM UNWEETENED EVAPORATED MILK

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: THE HOLLAND TRADING CO., LTD., 100, ROBINSON ROAD, SINGAPORE.



## HONOUR at STAKE No. 5

"MY Lord, I now call Mr Handel Booth," says counsel, and with every eye intently fixed upon him, that gentleman calmly makes his way towards the box.

Many people thus spotlighted forthwith become nervous, fatter in speech, even seem to shrink in size. Not so, however, Mr Handel Booth.

He is an active member of Parliament, used to public speaking, a shrewd man of business, used to tough negotiation; a person of distinction and repute, used to acknowledgment of his merits and acceptance of his word.

True, the present action, in which he is defendant, strikes a somewhat discordant note in this harmonious blend. He Handel Booth, MP, is being sued for fraud; and by a German—yes, a German, if you please—in this year of 1917, when we are fighting the Germans for our very lives.

Only one with Gruban's monumental impudence would have dared appear as plaintiff in a British court, there to heap calumny on a pillar of the State; Gruban, who is every bit as German as the rest, even if he did build up an engineering business in England which he at once switched over to munitions when war came.

## He was alarmed

Handel Booth, MP, is being sued for fraud; and by a German—yes, a German, if you please—in this year of 1917, when we are fighting the Germans for our very lives.

WHAT was it exactly that Gruban had said yesterday, while he was standing on the spot where Handel Booth now stands?

He had told the jury that, as the war grew fiercer, the growth of anti-German feeling caused him some alarm; that Handel Booth agreed to use his influence with Ministers on behalf of Gruban in exchange for a seat on Gruban's board; that presently (professing to quote the Minister of Munitions) Booth declared that, unless the business was transferred to him, Gruban would be deprived of his property and interned; that on Booth's promise to act as a trustee and pay the income on the shares to Gruban's wife, Gruban acquiesced, that, once having got the business into his own hands, Booth repudiated all liability.

Gruban, moreover, was nevertheless interned, and his advocate had had the temerity to suggest—although without

## A SLIP of PAPER

... and an MP turned pale

★ When a German sued Mr. Handel Booth for fraud, Mr. Booth was not unduly disturbed. After all, would the jury believe a German... in 1917?

by Edgar Lustgarten

any apparent means of proving it—that Booth had deliberately procured his internment.

An ugly tale, of course, but giving no cause for concern. For it is simply Booth's word against Gruban's, is it not? And who is going to believe an enemy alien rather than an elected British tribune?

So confidently and fluently Handel Booth explains. He joined the company on an appeal from Gruban for finance. Gruban was on bad terms with the Ministry of Munitions. There were articles about his nationality in the papers, and a German manufacturing the vital instruments of war. Finally the Ministry wrote to say Gruban must go.

"He came to me in great distress," Handel Booth asserts. "He said, 'You must take over control, or all the money we have invested will be lost.'"

"Did you break any agreement you made with him?"

"I did not."

"Did you do anything to promote his internment?"

"I did not."

## Take a look!

HANDEL BOOTH now feels in a really splendid fettle. He is conscious of cutting an impressive figure, in sharp contrast to the figure cut by Gruban; his ease against the other's awkwardness, his fine stature against the other's insignificance, his accomplished advances against the other's guttural tones. Nor does he fear the imminent clash with

Gruban's counsel—not a leading KC, like the chap they've briefed for him, but a junior barrister, only in his middle thirties; well thought of, he'd gathered, and considered promising; but hardly of the necessary weight for Handel Booth. Didn't they say this was the first big case he'd handled on his own?

The MP prepares for battle with absolute assurance.

"Mr Handel Booth," The name is uttered like a challenge—a characteristic that will remain with Patrick Hastings throughout the brilliant years of success that lie ahead. "Mr Handel Booth, would it be dishonest for the director of a company to seek for himself a

secret commission on the company's earnings?"

"Of course."

"When you were a director of Mr Gruban's company, did you do that very thing?"

"Never."

"Then take a look, will you, at this piece of paper?"

Handel Booth takes a look, and at once goes very pale.

"Where has this come from?"

"From the waste-paper basket of the boardroom of your company," Hastings lets him study it a moment. "That is your writing?"

"Does the figure in that memorandum correspond exactly with the profit that your company had earned?"

"I couldn't say."

## Next Saturday

★

The firebrand called Ben Tillett



HANDEL BOOTH, confidently, though, he explained.

"There is your balance sheet. The figures are the same?"

"Do you know of anyone connected with the company possessing the initials F. H. B. except yourself?"

"No."

"Do you see at the foot of that memorandum, the expression 'Full 10 percent to F.H.B.'?" The witness turns yet paler. "What does that expression mean?"

In vain does Handel Booth try to argue his way out. He has been well and truly floored by the first blow—and much of his bounce and aggressiveness have gone as Hastings moves in for the main attack.

"Do you remember the sinking of the Lusitania?"

"Yes."

"Was there not a feeling of great revulsion against the Germans?"

"Yes."

"Did you not know that Mr Gruban wanted the protection of some powerful man?"

"He did ask for it."

"Did you tell Mr Gruban that certain persons high up in the Government were under an obligation to you?"

"Certainly not," Handel Booth replies. "It isn't true."

"I don't suggest it is," says Hastings drily. "But didn't you tell him you had weight with Ministers?"

## A shadow

Handel Booth, MP, is being sued for fraud; and by a German—yes, a German, if you please—in this year of 1917, when we are fighting the Germans for our very lives.

HANDEL BOOTH hesitates. There is no knowing now what might be up this young man's sleeve.

"Didn't you tell him that?"

"I may have done."

"When the Ministry said that Gruban must resign, they didn't say that if he failed to do so he would be interned?"

"Did you tell him that they had said so?"

"No."

"Look at your Minute Book," Handel Booth obediently looks.

He is a shadow of the man, we saw a few minutes ago. "Do you see this entry: 'Interviewed a high official and expressed opinion that in view of Mr Gruban's retirement there was no necessity he should be interned?' Did you write that?"

Another pause. Then, "Yes."

"What did you mean?"

"I don't know."

"Who was the high official?"

"I've forgotten."

"Do you still say," Hastings asks, "that you said nothing to Gruban about his being interned?"

"Yes."

The silence

HANDEL BOOTH desperately persists in his denial.

"Do you say you wrote no letter to the Ministry of Munitions just before Mr Gruban was interned?"

"Very well," Hastings turns abruptly to the judge. "My Lord, I have subpoenaed the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary. They, or their representatives, must attend the court, and state whether such a letter exists, and if so, whether they object on any ground to its production. Until they so attend, I shall not say another word."

He shuts up like a clam. There is immense excitement and confusion. Then, in some embarrassment, defendant's counsel speaks.

"Perhaps," he says, "this is a copy of the letter that you want."

The silence beats painfully as Hastings reads aloud.

"From Handel Booth to Ministry of Munitions. It is quite clear to me, as the new Managing Director, that your instructions have been defied over and over again. My colleagues and myself are amazed that such secrets should have been shown towards the Ministry and ourselves."

To all intents, the case was over. The court buzzed like a hive. Friends pressed forward to shake Gruban by the hand.

But in the witness-box is no elation, but deflation—one more ego pricked by the cross-examiner's lance.

The consequences of this unusual lawsuit were far-reaching. It restored, to the extent of £2750, the shattered fortunes of the luckless Gruban. It virtually removed Handel Booth from public life. It set Patrick Hastings on the enviable path that leads to the most glittering prizes at the Bar.

But above all, transcending the fate of individuals, it furnished an enduring monument to British justice, which occurred fair play to an individual German, even at the very peak and crisis of the war.

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## JUDGING CHARACTER BY HANDWRITING (1)

## PEN PRESSURE TELLS A LOT

By "SCRIBBLER"

HAVE you ever noticed the handwriting on letters you get? The pressure of the pen is sometimes so light that the lines are like threads. In others the lines are so thick that they resemble brush strokes. Writing is also encountered where the weight on the pen is in between the two extremes.

possesses delicacy of taste and a critical mind.

An indication of a controlled mind, which has the ability to work alone in producing ideas, is seen in light pressure writing with small, evenly formed letters and capitals, which are distinctive yet unadorned. This type of writing discloses a fine moral development, plus the sensitive nature which all light pressure writers have.

Heavy pressure writing which looks "muddy" belongs to a person whose vitality is hard to keep in bonds. Work of a sedentary nature is not for him. His impatient nature makes it hard for him to concentrate long on details, and he resents unsolicited advice.

Sometimes you may come across handwriting that has been dictated and streaked by finger marks. The writer of this script is as sloppy in appearance as in his writing. He has a coarse and uncouth nature, and the sullen streak in him will take the form of bullying people.

By noting pressure of your writing, a graphologist can tell you whether you are an introvert, an extrovert or an ambivert. An introvert is a person who directs his thoughts or

The sensitive nature which is unselfish and is desirous of aiding others and co-operating with them is seen in light pressure handwriting which is made up of larger rounded small letters and capitals which are not distinctive. This writer's personality is not

efforts within himself; an extrovert directs his interests towards external objects; and an ambivert is the intermediate between the two.

The person who writes with a medium pressure, that is half way between light and heavy writing, is one who is average between the over-sensitive qualities of the light pressure and the materialistic traits of the heavy pressure. Thus this medium pressure writing, which is most commonly found, denotes an ambivert, and he is generally more easily understood and more predictable than the introvert or extrovert.

This writer conserves his energy carefully so that he always works at an even pace unhurriedly and never dawdles. The writer is extremely systematic and orderly in everything he does.

When the pressure of the writing is light and flows in a fine, threadlike way, as in EXAMPLE 1, it discloses the writer to be sensitive to people and surroundings. The writer, who is a woman, is primarily an introvert.

Her feelings are easily affected by things other people do or say, and she has an idealistic outlook on life. She

and active people. He is not easily discouraged, and a "No" answer to him will only be an incentive to secure an affirmative. He is certainly an extrovert in nature and has a good deal of ardour in his heart. This ardour and vitality is liable to be diverted into creative and artistic fields, also. I have never seen happier or healthier children. Though when they are naughty they get a good spanking—no namby-pamby stuff here. As they grow up they have the chance of training for any profession or any technical job to which they appear suited. Yes, this is paradise in the wilderness.

Jack Comben

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

## ONE ROAD TO PARADISE BEGAN AT CARDIFF

Asuncion, Paraguay. I HAVE just done something that most people dream of doing some day or other. I have been to paradise.

It is called "Primavera," which is Spanish for "Spring." But what's in a name? For the 700 men, women, and children who live there it is paradise.

These 700, of whom nearly 300 are British, are all members of the Society of Brothers, or Hutterites. They are a group of people trying the experiment of communal life on a practical Christian basis.

Their name comes from their founder, Huter, who started the idea in Germany in 1538. This particular group originated in Bernau, Germany, in 1920.

When the Nazis came to power they fled, first to Holland, then to England, where they set up a centre at

Ashton Keynes, Wiltshire. In 1941 they moved to Paraguay. The society became the owner of 20,000 acres of Paraguayan wilderness at a cost of about a shilling an acre.

A light plane flew me in to Primavera.

There are three villages, Loma Jiboy, Loma Margarita, and Loma, each with an English doctor. Brother Cyril—Dr. Cyril Davis of Cheltenham and Cardiff—is at Loma Jiboy. Sister Ruth Land and Margaret Stern, both of London, look after the sick in the other two.

They also hold Paraguayan and Indian over an area of two days' horse ride from their settlement. Patients pay when they come, if they can't, it doesn't matter.

There aren't many rules and regulations, and no one "gives orders." The man who cleans the streets is just as important as the boy who spreads the idea of "share and share alike."

At Primavera I found modern, electric light, heating, hospital, bakery, washing machines... and a host of other modern equipment. Everything has been dragged up there by oxen.

They grow every kind of crop. In the workshops they make beautifully designed wooden bowls, book-ends and ornaments which are sold at their shop in Asuncion.

Families retain their independence. But no one owns anything. Everything is thrown into the common pool—money, property, work, ideas.

There aren't many rules and regulations, and no one "gives orders." The man who cleans the streets is just as important as the boy who spreads the idea of "share and share alike."

The brothers smoke and drink if they want to. In all their 13 years here there has never been a fight.

Children are encouraged, when they are about 18, to go out into the outside for a few years. Ninety-five percent return to the settlement.

Religion, as such, is non-existent. You get all creeds and all races. The men wear whatever happens to be available. The women all wear long, draped peasant-style dresses with a kerchief over their heads.

I have never seen happier or healthier children. Though when they are naughty they get a good spanking—no namby-pamby stuff here. As they grow up they have the chance of training for any profession or any technical job to which they appear suited. Yes, this is paradise in the wilderness.

Jack Comben

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Where are  
the Kings of  
the Ring  
today?—8

## By GEORGE WHITING

**I**F you want any merchandise moved in the Pittsburgh area of the United States, I can put you on to a good man. His name, tastefully engraved as that of special sales representative on the business cards of the North Braddock Transport Co. Inc., is Gus Lesnevich.

He looks as mournful as a disappointed bloodhound, he can blind you with car-burettor science, and he wishes to be remembered to all the people who helped to make him a moderately wealthy man.

Gloomy Gus, ex-cruiserweight champion of the world, gathers no moss. When he first retired from the rough-hewn practices of the ring in 1940, he put much of his money into second-hand cars, parading flash contrivances on a corner lot near his home in New Jersey.

Two years later I found him sales-talking to oil-millionaires on behalf of one of the larger car manufacturers in a lush emporium on Broadway. Now he does the Carter Paterson act for Pittsburgh on salary and commission—until such time, he tells me, as he gets his own trucks on the road.

A divorce has left Lesnevich the sole guardian of his four sturdy young children, but he would sooner you talked less about family affairs and more about the fight game. About his

secret dawn patrol of Buckingham Palace, for instance.

Fugitives are no great guns at philosophy, but you learn a lot getting your face smashed up and your nose broken and your eyes half blinded—as did Lesnevich on his three trips to England. We spoke of these things as, together, we watched Rocky Marciano weigh in for his heavyweigh title defence against Ezzard Charles.

"Sure, Freddie Mills busted me up good, and Bruce Woodcock made it go dark," said Lesnevich. "But I got myself mended. Perfect vision now—after 19 years in the ring."

### Toughest

"Boxing never hurt a guy who took care of himself, like I did. No fooling with women and wine and that stuff. Temptations are there for sure, but if you play around you're gonna get hurt so bad nobody can ever repair you. If you want to play, stay out of boxing."

"Fighting in a ring ain't so tough when you are fit. Try the used car business if you want to meet real competition. You really have to connive at that racket. I dropped nearly £20,000 to those boys."

"No, I'm not completely broke. England took care of that. I took off with a round £50,000 from those fights in London, and there's a 12-roomed house out at Cliffe Park, New Jersey, which says it was real money."

# IT'S STILL ROADWORK FOR GLOOMY GUS

—but his eyes are now wide open

"In all, I earned a quarter of a million dollars for myself out of boxing. Quite a piece more than I figured to get when I started out as a triple-threat man (chef, waiter, chuck-out) in my old lady's restaurant."

"That Freddie Mills. What a fighter! You know something? That time I licked him was the toughest fight I ever had, and yet when he beat me, it was easy. I thought I won that one."

"Woodcock? Sure, he knocked me out. But I was scared of my eyes that night, and that is not good for any kind of fighter. I wanna use my eyes."

Stopped Mills in the tenth, knocked out by Woodcock in the eighth, outpunched by Mills over 10. Thus runs the record of the Lesnevich invasion of England—a three-pronged good-will mission which, by its fierceness and its friendliness, made London the fight centre of the world between 1940-48 and begin the transatlantic flow that brought Ray Robinson, Joe Baksi, Lee Savold, Lee Oma, Joey Maxim, Ike Williams, Sandy Saddler, Manuel Ortiz, Roland La Starza, Harry Matthews, etc.

I have written before of that first smash-hit Mills fight at Harringway for the cruiserweight championship of the world, and of how the battered, agonised Mills declared afterwards that he never, never would want a second helping of that kind of punishment.

Now, in 1954, Mills may be interested to learn that his conqueror admits he nearly lost that fight 12 hours before it began. Outside Buckingham Palace.

"If Mills had only got on to what I had to do, to make 12st. 7lb. he could have rubbed me right out," says 39-year-old Lesnevich. "I had nothing, not a bite, to eat for 24 hours."

Four months later, on September 17, 1948, Lesnevich was among us again, repaired, from me right out, and commissioned to fight as a heavyweight against Woodcock. No weight-wasting

before the weigh-in. Only for Vella, my manager, and Allie Ridgeway, who trained me that time, know how I worked and sweated and starved and went thirsty down at Brighton.

"We fixed a secret weight test in London on the morning of the fight and I was still a pound too heavy. So I put on all the heavy clothing we could find and went galloping round your Buckingham Palace with only a cop or two to see me. I was still an ounce over at the official weigh-in—but we made it."

"I had to crowd Mills quick, and I figured I was home when I battered him with a right hander in the second round. But that guy takes a real mean punch. He keeps getting up and down like somebody's got him on a string. Four times I knocked him over in that round, and four times he comes back at me. It's sort of discouraging."

### 'Lucky break'

"After five rounds I can't get Mills any too well because he has closed my left eye. Then he breaks my nose, and I cannot breathe for the blood that keeps coming into my mouth."

"Call it my lucky break that Mills was in bad shape, too. He dropped his left hand low enough for me to see with one eye, so I let him have it on the chin with my right in the tenth. I guess that finished it."

"They tell me Mills was sick after, too. I was walking around for days in dark glasses, and a doctor had to straighten my nose out."

But the fight was over. On September 17, 1948, Lesnevich was among us again, repaired, from me right out, and commissioned to fight as a heavyweight against Woodcock. No weight-wasting

this time. But a worried man, nevertheless, worried about those mournful-looking eyes of his.

Lesnevich, the Russian Lion, as his countrymen called him, seemed mostly concerned with speed as he squared off, shot two lightning rights (his favourite punch) at Woodcock, and then skipped smartly away from the inevitable counter.

But we had only to wait till the second round to see the pattern of this particular brawl. Woodcock, a good deal braver boxer than many people gave him credit for, sent over a barrage of punches to the body, saw Lesnevich lower his guard, and then planted the knuckle of his right hand fair and square on his opponent's left eye.

By the fourth round the eye was swelling, closing rapidly—and its owner moving desperately to his right as Woodcock chased round the blind side and thumped and pounded at the injury. Then the American's right eye stopped once—a solid hook from Woodcock's left.

### Spidery split

A Lesnevich left landed on Woodcock's arm, a right on his shoulder, another left on the top of his head. All the while efforts off target, and all advertising the fact that Lesnevich, normally the most precise of punchers, was fighting a semi-sightless battle. By now, no space was discernible between the lids of his left eye.

Furious patchwork and mystic selves in the American corner brought relief but no rescue. Woodcock picked his shots almost as he pleased, until, in the eighth, two copybook right crosses tore Lesnevich's gum shield from his mouth and brought his owner to his knees in an attitude of weary resignation by the ropes.

Referee Moss Deayon began his count. At four, Lesnevich raised the bruised and swollen face he had cupped between his gloves; at six, he scrambled slowly round on all fours; at eight, he shook his head at the urgent pleadings of his seconds; at the "out," he solemnly picked up the gum shield that had kept him and company on the floor, rose slowly and proffered the hand of a conquered fighter to the man who had sent fear searing through his brain as the shutters came down over his eyes.

But dollars are good doctors. On July 28, 1949, Lesnevich put a world title on the line again for Freddie Mills—in the fight he himself now declares to have

been "easy," and which he avows he won.

My impression, culled from the memory of a ringside seat at the White City, is that this is off the beam in both assertions. Did he not finish up having his right eye stitched in Moorfields Hospital at 230 on the morning of the 27th?

Compared with their first battle, the return engagement was certainly lacking in the kind of spidery incident that present-day spectators yell for—but Lesnevich did not look to be having too easy a time from where I was sitting.

### Savage hook

Again those eyes "had it." Before the fight was half a minute old, Lesnevich came out of a clinch with blood oozing from his right eye, and with a spidery split under the left eye threatening to follow suit. His corner became a casualty station between rounds, with trainer Freddy Fierro executing swift and expert repairs.

Mills, undoubtedly haunted by the memory of that holocaust two years earlier, boxed with his hands held high, and forbore to invite disaster by any of his old-time headlong rushes.

Not until the tenth, and after the referee had sternly requested more action, were we roused by the spectacle of Lesnevich—twice. A savage left hook to the right side of the chin, followed by a rally of body punches, scored an eight-second knock-down. Lesnevich hit back with his left but stumbled immediately into another short left, and another count—this time of "nine."

### To hospital

As I remember it, many of us there in the cool night air of the White City were not at all certain that Lesnevich was off his knees in strict accordance with the 10 seconds rule.

It made little difference. Lesnevich, liberally and protectively anointed round the eyes by his seconds, rallied fiercely against a sometimes cumbersome Mills—but Lesnevich's once-accurate left arm was misfiring badly, his holding frequent. Mills it was who walked out of that ring as cruiserweight champion of the world. Ana Lesnevich—it was whose eyes were covered with a white towel as they took him to hospital.

Those eyes were red with blood and dark with frustration that night. Now they are clear grey again, and wide open. Lucky Lesnevich.

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## SPOOKS ARE OPEN TOP SECRET

By RUSSELL SPURR

**YOU** don't talk too much about the spooks. Not if you want to keep friends in Formosa.

The very mention of the name sets people gulping in their Martinis. And glancing uneasily round the room.

The spooks are open top secret. Most open, perhaps, in an island where no secret is safe. The only thing no one knows is how they got their nickname.

But shh! spooks have influence. Even if they are the least secret secret service in the world.

You see spooks quite often on the Nationalist-held islands off the Communist coast. Not to speak to, of course; they duck out of sight directly you appear.

On Quemoy Island, for instance, I glimpsed a burly young American in a plain khaki uniform leaning against a jeep. When I nodded him good morning, he ran "behind a hut and disappeared."

A transport plane lumbered in, and I tried to thumb a lift back to Formosa.

"Are you crazy?" cried the pilot. "This plane is strictly spook territory. No one but spooks is allowed on board."

The pilot, however, was not what he seemed. He was a spook, and he was a very good one.

spooks direct guerrilla intelligence on the Communist mainland.

The Nationalists secretly snigger, because they consider themselves experts. They've been doing it for five years.

They maintain that one Chinese dressed as a coolie can find out far more than a Yale quarterback with nylon cloak and duralumin dagger.

And at considerably less cost. Still the Americans are prying, and seem to be enjoying themselves.

Spook headquarters commands an enclaved compound on a hilltop overlooking Taipei. Neighbours include the American Ambassador and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Members of the organisation live there with their families, safely screened from an watching world.

Lips are sealed strict, "I am told, and wives confound with raps and winks. Spooks vanish overnight to "you know where," and when they get back "the outing" is never discussed.

Just in case a convicted spook should "mess" a good man and woman, the spooks are very strict in their selection of material.

Spooks are not allowed to marry, and if they do, their wives must be spooks too.

The spooks are not allowed to have children, and if they do, their children must be spooks too.

## SHIPBREAKING—A RISING INDUSTRY IN HONGKONG

By TONY MOTTA

**T**YNESIDE makes 'em, Hongkong breaks 'em' might well become the theme song of the Colony's newest and fastest rising industry—shipbreaking.

This enterprise in destruction came into being after the war when it was necessary to clear the harbour of sunken hulks. It proved to be a profitable business for the pioneers, and in time other people were attracted to it, and old ships were being brought here from all over the world for breaking up.

The problem of disposing of these early sunken wrecks—ugly legacies of war—developed into an industry which has since grown steadily. In fact, Hongkong is today an internationally recognised source for scrap iron and steel. Even Britain finds it profitable to import scrap from Hongkong, despite the long haul and freight costs.

### Cheap labour

**WHY** is this so? The answer is "cheap labour," which keeps overall costs down to a minimum. This makes export of scrap worth while, giving a fair margin of profit, and at the same time keeps the price reasonable enough to attract buyers.

Any of the four firms now engaged in breaking up ships in Lanchow harbour could confirm this and add with an air of expansive pride that many local industries using iron and steel are now partly dependent on their output.

Ship scrap, both iron and steel, is so much cheaper here than the imported metals that the demand for it has skyrocketed. It has also enabled certain industries to break into markets abroad because of the lower cost of raw material. These industries would certainly suffer if deprived of this local source of raw material.

Thus, shipbreaking is not only a thriving industry in itself, but also is important to the Colony's economic structure as a whole because other industries are dependent on it. Let us now take a look around the base of activity, Lanchow harbour, where the ships are broken up. The scene is a busy one, with cranes and derricks and a constant flow of ships in and out. The air is filled with the sound of machinery and the sight of workers busy at their tasks.



The 5,000 tonner Nordewal being broken up at Lanchow.

into port under their own steam and drop anchor here for the last time, like dying elephants returning to their burial grounds. A sad ritual for the ship's crews at any time. And although a passing land-lubber may jokingly remark, "Well, they've seen their best days, every rusting hulk has done yeoman service."

A ship is only sold for scrapping when an overhaul would be almost as expensive as building a new vessel. In most cases, the ships would have had some 30 or 40 years at sea.

As everybody knows, it is much harder to build than to destroy, and shipbreaking is no exception to the rule. But it would be foolish to think that the uninitiated could attack a ship with sledge-hammers, blow-torches and picks, and successfully take apart the handwork of a host of skilled and experienced shipbuilders.

The shipbreaking gangs are all artisans in their own way. Starting with the funnels, they methodically dismantle a ship bolt (which, incidentally, is first grade scrap iron) with chisel and sledge-hammer. Cutting with the torch is resorted to only when absolutely necessary.

### Gaunt hulks

It is strange to think that a ship of some 5,000 tons say, could disappear so completely into a towering heap of scrap metal in just a few weeks. You may possibly have seen these gaunt, silver-fused hulks outlined in the background on your way to work, or when you are out for a walk. They are the remains of ships that have been broken up.

less than a hundred pairs of very human hands, which work nine hours daily on their mission of destruction.

If there is a call to do a rush job, the number of breakers could be doubled, thus enabling the work to be done in half the time, with every piece of scrap landed, stored and classified.

The breakers are paid in a manner to ensure that they put their backs to the job. Every piece of scrap they haul on land is weighed and paid for by the picul. The current payment is about \$3 per picul.

### All fittings

**S**hips sold for scrapping are sold complete with all their fittings, so before the serious business of dismantling a vessel begins, all the interior decorations, wiring, piping, woodwork, brass and metal fixtures, are first removed. These are sold separately. The engines yield a large quantity of cast iron.

Scrap iron off ships is divided into three grades, and the pieces of scrap are either moulded into shapes required by different industries or sold in "embryo" form—furnace-sized bars.

Steel plates are rolled again and find a ready market with construction companies or metalware manufacturers. Market prices, although they vary from time to time, scrap is sold at a profit. The price of scrap is determined by the market, and it is not unusual for a ship to be sold for more than its weight in scrap.

too tedious work—but a certain weight is kept in mind as scrap to compensate for barnacles. The overseer who is entrusted with this job is said to be able to estimate the weight correctly to the last barnacle.

Another peculiarity in the evaluation of scrap is that the anchor, which weighs an average of two to three tons, is discarded once it is brought ashore. It is said to be not much use for anything, and is a dead loss for resale because all new ships, by some superstitious tradition, are fitted with new anchors. That is why you see so many rusty, old anchors lying around.

The giant furnaces in local iron and steel mills have been kept busy with scrap from ships taken apart here. As a matter of fact, the shipbreakers have saved at least one mill from closing down.

### Melted down

**S**CRAP iron melted down in three mills—a number of which are situated in the Ngau-tai area—was either moulded into shapes required by different industries or sold in "embryo" form—furnace-sized bars.

Steel plates are rolled again and find a ready market with construction companies or metalware manufacturers.

Market prices, although they vary from time to time, scrap is sold at a profit. The price of scrap is determined by the market, and it is not unusual for a ship to be sold for more than its weight in scrap.

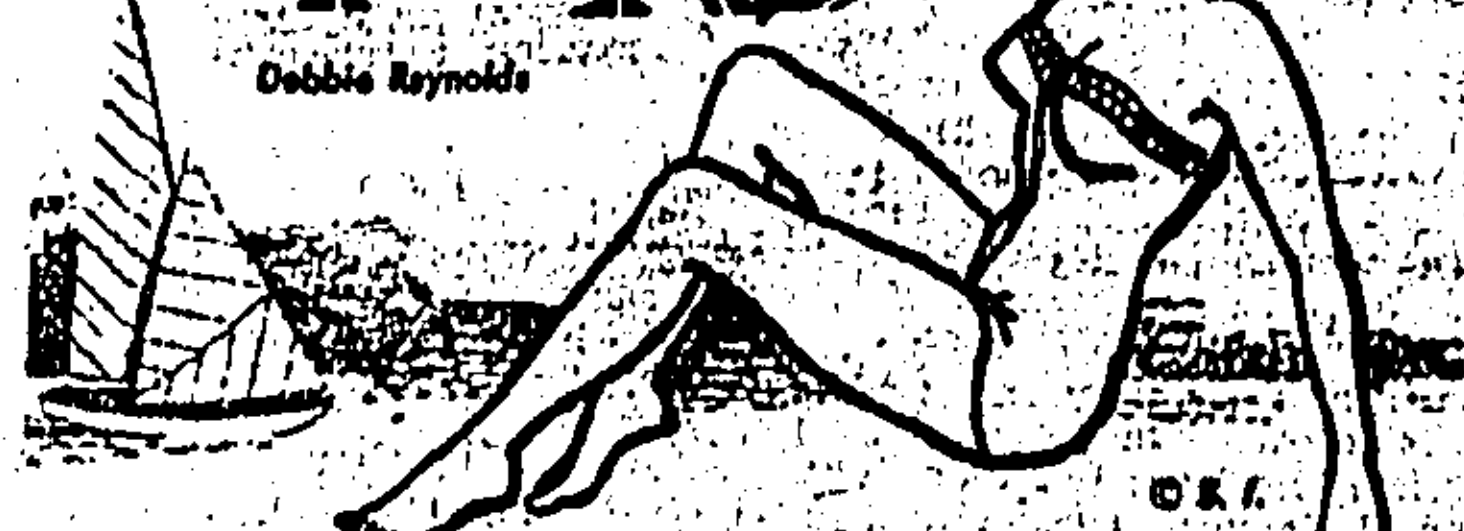


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**PAL**



THE BIG SPENDERS by John Deane Potter  
Switching today to LONDON

# Not quite so easy here to 'splash the cash'

OF course the restaurant proprietor should have known better when the Maharajah of Morvi asked him to place a bet.

"It is nothing very much," said the maharajah, "just a two-to-one chance."

The proprietor had often obliged his customers when they fancied a horse before lunch. They would often decide to put £50 or £100 on. He was confident he could assist the maharajah.

"Good. Then put £10,000 on for me," said the maharajah.

The proprietor tried not to show the earth had taken a sudden lurch.

"Certainly, Highness," he said, and hurried away. It took him quite a time telephoning hard to get the money on. Most London bookmakers just laughed at accepting such a bet at short notice. Eventually one of the biggest bookmakers in London took it. And the horse won.

But to the Maharajah of Morvi a bet of this sort literally does not matter a button. When the proprietor returned, haggard but triumphant, he twisted one of the buttons on his blue coat and thanked him gratefully.

If he had torn off two of his buttons and given them to the proprietor it would have been security enough. The buttons were made of diamonds and estimated to be worth £5,000 each.

But the 35-year-old Maharajah of Morvi, who comes from a small State of 150,000 people, is one of the last of the Indian princely spenders. He owns race-horses, gambles at Deauville, and a bill for £200 when he takes a few friends out to dinner is normal for him.

He is one of the more spectacular West End spenders. There are not many in his class.

London does not encourage big spenders in the way other capital cities do. But occasionally one of them cuts loose and insists on spending money.

## Prejudices

WHEN they do, they often run up against curiously English prejudices. For instance, one American millionaire had to be spoken to rather severely in a famous restaurant recently.

With a generosity for which he is known in Europe and America, he kept pressing 100 dollar bills into the hands of waiters and doormen.

This behaviour displeased the management so much that they asked him to desist. The manager told him he was afraid his staff would become restive under this shower bath of dollars and neglect the other less-handsome-tipping customers.

That is typical of the sort of frustration which can impede a

potential big spender in London. The English with their ever-present taxation and rationing only just behind them have become a modest, moderate-living people.

This frugal national attitude which has been beaten into the rich men of Britain is not shared by the wealthy of other nations.

When foreigners get to London, especially the South Americans and the Greeks, they like to hear their money splash like Niagara.

In a class by themselves when it comes to spending are the foreign freight shipowners. A way-eyed restaurateur explained: "They are a little quiet now because there is peace in the world. Once a war starts, like Korea or Indo-China, they become extremely busy. Their ships are chartered to carry arms and equipment."

"As they are hired by nations the price is not important. A single ship can make a profit of

ROBB pictures London  
last night... any night...

The young and elegant, the not-so-young and not-so-elegant; the postage-stamp dance floor... the champagne scene... the £10-a-head night out.



£1,000 a day in such circumstances. So when they bring a bundle of friends in to a meal and the bill is £100 it is costing them in proportion about as much as a small celebration costing a pound or two would mean to an ordinary person."

Few Englishmen can keep up that pace. But home-grown George Dawson, who is as cockney as jellied eels, can. He will often bring a few of his friends to a luxury restaurant in his black-and-maroon Rolls.

After lunch he will pick up a bill of £80 or so without blinking his shrewd, steady eyes.

There is also the Midland business man who goes to London every few weeks. Before he arrives he always telephones his favourite club.

Like ritzy establishments all over the world it never sells beer. But this club gets a special small barrel of beer in for him. For this he pays £6.

He never drinks anything but beer himself, but the friends he

brings with him can drink as many magnums of champagne as they like. The club regard the trouble of getting a barrel of beer specially for one as a worthwhile effort; as his bill at the end of the evening often comes to £300.

## A £250 bill

HE is in the grand tradition of a certain type of people who go to a fashionable restaurant or night club. They are usually not well known, except perhaps in the case of one South African.

But they are as affectionate as puppies. So whenever anyone nods to them—probably mistaking them for someone else—they immediately call the waiter and have a magnum of champagne sent over to him.

This form of transient friendship works out expensive. They find it so enjoyable they come back for it night after night.

If not enough people nod to them they often find other methods of pouring their money away.

Take the sad case of the Greek who sat in a night club frustrated and dejected. He was depressed because he had not been able to spend enough money.

Then he had a splendid, spendthrift idea. He ordered caviar and champagne for all the waiters and every member of the band. He departed with the dawn, gratefully paying a bill of £250.

If you cannot spend it that way you can indulge in long-distance generosity.

Like the American airline executive who met a man in a bar. The man said he had always wanted to see the U.S.A. So the American paid for a trip to New York for him—all



travel, hotel, and other expenses paid.

There was also the shipowner who offered casual acquaintances four free suites aboard one of his ships. The cost of the four suites for a long return trip would be £2,000.

## Hobby horses

OF course you can also cultivate a rare taste in drink. Like the West End spender who got around to drinking the equivalent of four bottles of Bloody Mary a day. This is vodka and tomato juice. The doctors are still working on him.

You can, of course, still have a snap-up evening out in London without spending so freely as some of the customers above described.

You may, in fact, find it difficult to spend more than £10 a head.

A well-known restaurateur put it to me: "Work it out like this. Caviar is 30s. a portion—two teaspoonfuls. So, perhaps you would like to double it? All right, £3 a person for caviar. A bottle of champagne per head at £3 a bottle.

"No one can average more than that without overdoing it. If the men in the party drink more than a bottle, the ladies will not. So if you allow a bottle each it will be more than enough."

"Allow £4 for food and an extra drink or so and your bill will be about £10 a head."

"For big parties I generally estimate £5 a head. They can have all they want for that. If the host gets a bill for more he probably thinks he is being cheated. And he probably is."

But such comparatively modest budgets do not always please the big-money men with an itch to spend.

If your money still burns a hole in your pocket as big as a prairie fire you can always take up a really expensive hobby.

You can own meerkoses for instance. There is, of course, always the danger that you may win a little money back.

MAHARAJAH

London bookmakers laughed at his bet

New York to Paris in a specially chartered plane. La Fleche is his favourite pony. Only Rubirosa is allowed to ride it.

Another pony in the stable is for one person only to ride. It is called Lady Luck and it is kept specially for film star Zsa.

In addition to his ponies Rubirosa also has a team of three polo players to ride them. He makes the fourth member of the team himself.

The three professional players are paid high salaries and all expenses at first-class hotels in Paris, Deauville, or Biarritz, wherever the team is playing. He also pays for their parties and other incidental expenses.

This costs him more than the upkeep of his 10 ponies. And it does not include extras like the big American car he gave recently to the two South American members of the team.

## Caliph manner

WHAT satisfaction does this expenditure of £400 a week plus bring to Rubirosa?

Well, he had the satisfaction a few weeks ago of winning the Paris Polo Cup. He defeated Baron Guy de Rothschild's team. This was only common justice as the Rothschild team is appraised by shrewd observers as being only the second most expensive polo outfit in France.

But Rubirosa does everything in the best caliph manner.

He lives in an antique-stuffed three-storey mansion on the Left Bank in Paris. It was a present from former wife Doris Duke.

He also owns two private planes, five cars, and a private fishing ground, in, of all places, the French Congo. He has his own fishing ship there. He also owns plantations in the Dominican Republic.

He has been a diplomat for the Dominican Republic for 18 years. Half his income is stated to come from the salary paid to him by the grateful republic. Which, of course, makes him probably the highest paid diplomat in the world.

But it is not always the Rubirosa type of spender who is the most fascinating.

With a certain amount of awe I add a very different specimen to my collection. He is not rich at all.

He is a determined little man from the North of England who walked into a London night club clutching a small scuffed brown suitcase.

## Zsa Zsa's pony

A MORE successful money-spending method is to run your own polo team.

Polo ponies are the hobby of the very rich. But with Portillo Rubirosa they are an obsession.

Rubirosa, who has married some of the richest and most beautiful women in the world, like French film star Danielle Darrieux, Johnnie Holmes, Doris Duke, and, of course, Barbara Hutton—keeps the most expensive string of polo ponies in Europe.

He has 10 ponies at the moment. Six of them are stabled in Biarritz. The other four are in Paris.

They are trained by Jean Dabbarde, France's top trainer. His stables are just outside Paris on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne.

Rubirosa pays £10,000 a year for the upkeep of his ponies. They were not cheap to buy either. Two of them, La Fleche and La Felle Sour, he bought in the Argentine. They cost £1,500 each. And recently they were flown from

## One-night binge

EVERY time he paid for a drink he opened the suitcase and extracted a ten-shilling note. He never took his hand off the suitcase as he sat at the bar.

The night club management became worried. They cross-examined him. He said he had £300 in the suitcase.

They discovered he was a shop assistant who had saved 80s. a week from his salary for two years to have one night out in London.

He handed over a thick bundle of notes to pay his bill. He only had a handful left when he tipped the doorman 10s. to call him a taxi.

His face was a little pale in the dawn. But it wore a look of complete contentment.

He had had one glorious, splendid, care-free evening until the end of his life.

# The Wingless Wonder

FLIGHT-CADET JACK BRADLEY, while at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, went on a height test in a Siskin III fighter. At a height of 16,000 feet he decided to vary the proceedings by trying to perform a "bunt."

This is an outside loop. The pilot dives his machine to top speed and then pushes the control-stick hard forward with the result that he goes round a "loop" with his head on the outside of the circle instead of on the inside in the normal way.

However, when Bradley had got his Siskin over the vertical in the dive he found that no matter what he did with the control-stick or actuating gear he couldn't get the machine up and round the "bunt." He couldn't even get it out of the dive.

The only thing to do was to roll the aircraft so that he would, at least, be diving the right way up. At his second attempt he managed it. In considerable relief he looked all around, seeing the earth and the sky once again in their right places. Then he saw something else. He was just in time to watch his lower wings fold back and leave the aircraft.

had already departed and were spinning high above in his wake. The bold Bradley, therefore, found himself screaming earthwards in a wingless fuselage, which now began to spin on its axis.

Bradley decided that the time had come to get out. But getting out wasn't so easy. Owing to the spin and the tremendous speed of the falling fuselage he

## GERALD BOWMAN continues the adventures of the Caterpillar Club

was jammed against one side of it, with the impression that he was glued there.

He wrenched himself up in the cockpit by his elbows but he could not fight clear. He groped for his parachute release handle, got a grip on it and fiercely pulled it.

All that happened was that he felt the pack snap open, and then realised that the small "pilot-chute" (which pulls out the main envelope) had been blasted between his legs, and had got caught up round his left knee.

Bradley, it so far as he had time to feel anything, saw that the situation had become desperate. He was hanging

self round to try to clear the tangle but before he could do so providence took a hand. He had a vague sight of the silken parachute folds streaming away from between his knees, where, upon, almost in the same second as it seemed, there was an almighty crack and he realised that he had left the fuselage and was floating down beneath a fully-opened parachute.

Flight-Cadet Bradley thought about providence. He saw above him the remains of his wings fluttering down uncomfortably close and thought: he had better "split" his parachute and get

out of their way. He managed to do so. Then, as he floated down to a heavy but safe landing, he thought about his forthcoming interview with his squadron commander.

In the archives of the Caterpillar Club there is much which moves R.A.F. "types" to happy laughter. One such incident, which happened in 1944, concerns a squadron operating in the Far East on Vulture Vengeance Mark II dive bombers. Since everyone enjoys a joke except the fellow at the receiving end, of it I have been asked to leave out actual names.

The Vulture, as those who flew in it will remember, had a peculiarity about its tail system. If the fuel engine "back up" during descent the aircraft could be kept going for a limited period by a secondary engine which worked with a pump.

There were at the time various views among pilots as to the efficiency of this system—all quite unrepeatable. Part of the trouble was that while the fuel supply would cease suddenly it could restart working equally suddenly and for no good reason that anyone at that time could discover.

With that little point understood we can proceed to a dive-bombing attack in a Vengeance which was carried out by a squadron-leader and a sergeant-gunner. After bombing up Japanese troop positions in a range of hills with satisfying effect the squadron-leader at the controls set course for base. Yet just when he had passed over on to the right side of the "bomb line" his big Wright Double Cyclone radial engine began to misfire badly.

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The pilot wobbled the engine control furiously and said: "Well never mind what he said. The engine fired again, ran uncertainly and thuddingly as a

starved engine will... and then stopped again. The pilot bellowed "PUMP!"

In a lurching aeroplane, with an intercom that was crackling badly the sergeant-gunner didn't hear very clearly. Politely he requested his superior officer to repeat. His superior officer bellowed "Pump, you silly sergeant... PUMP!"

In the minutes that followed the pilot thought that his order had been obeyed. The engine "caught" again and proceeded to take up a level beat. The pilot therefore navigated his way back to base, landed and then turned to congratulate his gunner on having done a good job with the wobble pump.

The gunner wasn't there. His position was empty. The horrified pilot swore to everybody concerned that throughout the flight he had done no aerobics or performed any evolution which could have caused his comrade to fall out.

On that same afternoon a Lieutenant of the Army forces

## JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## STAY-AT-HOME FASHIONS

By HAZEL MERRICK



The stay-at-home girl chooses the feminine look—a three tiered skirt of checked gingham, plus a black evening sweater.

London. If it seems to you at times that the career woman has all the luck, the glamour and excitement, stop a minute, weigh up the pros and cons, and you'll find that, on her own ground, the stay-at-home girl wins—hands down.

Even the most glittering stars in the film firmament say "I'm a home girl at heart," and get themselves photographed by the fire with their spaniels. For they know, as we know, that men may make passes at the good-time girls, but it's the home girl that they marry.

In London recently there was an exhibition of work done by stay-at-homes all over the world—intricate embroidery, dress-making and weaving, plus more ambitious things like hand-made jewellery and pottery.

A woman at home has discovered a new paint you can use to decorate your china, then fire permanently in an ordinary oven; a woman at home has invented shoes with change-over tops to match your dresses. Cheese cutters, food mixers and cotton-reel dispensers, all money-making ideas, have been thought out by women in the home.

## Where she scores

But it is when she makes her own clothes that the stay-at-home really scores. For in her own apartment she can dress in any comfortably crazy way she pleases.

For her those uncomfortable tight skirts, high heels and borderline hats. She relaxes in dead-in leopard skin jeans and dead-dart slippers, or full, romantic cotton skirts, the kind you could never find in the shops.

The girl who stays home—and likes it—wears mad, multi-coloured petticoats that show, in all shades from violet to emerald, and sew bells round their hems to tinkle as she walks.

She chooses circular felt skirts with outside patch pockets and steals a male shirt. The girl with high fashion flair goes one better, and makes her own shirt in white pebble tweed, gives it black buttons and belt, and wears it outside her drainpipe trousers.

The home girl knows that curtain materials make the best cotton skirts, with plenty of

width to gather to the waist, plus plenty of body to stand out stiffly.

She makes barrel tops from furnishing prints, with pole collars and sleeves of thick wool ribbing, wears easy-to-laundry patchwork trousers for doing the chores, and walks round pussy-footed in sock shoes—men's Argyles sown onto soft leather soles.

The stay-at-home with ideas of her own breaks all the rules—and gets away with it. She'll wear evening sweaters with velvet pants, little-girl skirts made from yards of checked gingham, plus real ballet pumps with soft inner soles, the ribbons tied round her ankles. And the girl who is in the know has brought her hoop earrings up to date by covering them with wool to match her sweater, or she's buying the new primitive jewellery, giant necklaces and earrings of china, painted bronze.

The true home girl knows all the furnishing gimmicks, she

displays her books on a step-ladder, and loans it where she pleases; puts her potted plants in a wheelbarrow and moves them about the house at will.

She wallpaper the side of her bath with the latest craziest prints, or goes all Victorian with sentimental, love-knot paper, varnished over to protect them from steam.

## Cheerful kitchen

Her kitchen is a cheerful place, where people tend to congregate, not a dull dishwasher's pantry, and one wall is papered with unusual recipes (which she serves with flourish), and coloured prints from cookery books.

Her home is something that people will remember, for she fills it with crazy collector's items, knows they make good talking-points at a party. In short, no wonder she's a stay-at-home. She never needs to go out, the world comes to her.



Another style of stay-at-home dressing. This girl wears a shirt of white woolly tweed, caught in at the waist by a studded black belt, over her drainpipe trousers.

Details and trimmings that contribute to high fashion in Paris

## Ingenuous Tricks With Ribbons And Furs

Paris. UNDER the current Parisian snowstorm of high fashion and silhouette news, there appears a wealth of small details and ideas.

When the silhouette has been duly analysed, it may be only the cut of a collar, the shape of a handbag, a new embroidery or trimming, which turns a basic costume into something really new.

Many far-sighted women can adapt a simple trick from a famous couturier to meet their own specifications. Whether or not you decide to have a bosom this season, necklines are still in the news.

## NECKLINES

They may be high and puritanical, or disguised under large cape collars which offer possibilities of transformation.

Jacques Fath does delightful things with ribbon. He stripes inch-wide, black satin ribbon across a white ermine collar, tied with a flat bow at the outside edge.

He loops folds of ribbon into the front of a round suit collar, secured with a jewelled buckle, affecting the fashion set by 18th century dandies.

This treatment may be repeated in turned back cuffs, highlighted with overlined glittering jewelled cuff-links. Big fake earrings could easily double in the same manner.

Hubert de Givenchy cuts deep, daring notches in, at cocktail suits, and then delicately covers them with little white milk daisies (about the inches square) or fake blue flowers. Another Givenchy trick is to have a white ermine collar with a black ribbon bow at the neck, and a black ribbon bow at the waist.

again swathed in a kind of tulle cowl which draws up over the head in draped hood.

Givency does many wonderful and youthful things with bits of precious fur, adapted in ways which do not involve great expenditure. New, shorter and wider evening stoles in heavy satin or fabric to match the dress, are threaded through like ribbon in and out of slits, with narrow stripes of mink.

The combination of two furs, featured in every house, is a story in itself. It also entails possibilities for making over old stoles. Givency shows a short capelet in broadtail with a fluted standup collar of black seal; or a brief ball-hoop jacket in leopard, banded with ermine.

Balmain is literally the fur king. The most enterprising way of utilising an old ermine evening wrap, is seen in his man-tailored fur shirt complete with buttons and cuff-links.

It is shown in the collection under a subtly simple black broadcloth, box jacket suit, but could effectively go on a dark full length skirt.

## FURS EVERYWHERE

Balmain's double coat collar demonstrates another smart way of using fur. The inner collar, close to the face, is often removable. In an extravagant mood, fur coats are now lined with even less soft, or the glamorous sedition of a tiger skin.

Sports wear has been given a new look. The new fur coat, with its broad, wide collar, is a new look. The new fur coat, with its broad, wide collar, is a new look. The new fur coat, with its broad, wide collar, is a new look.

Balenciaga's removable shirred sleeves add a harlequin touch to an otherwise simple dinner dress. Feather pads are blown all over the full skirt of another gown.

The type of capelets worn by ballerinas, that can be purchased in any millinery supply shop, are tinted pale rainbow shades, and effectively replace conventional stone or applique embroideries.

Feathers appear in another unusual guise on one of Christian Dior's models. His evening gown, destined to emphasize short though formal hemlines, are entirely made of feathers imposed one on the other in a flattened millinery technique. One pair, in brilliant turquoise, has the ends tipped in black, giving an unusual modified effect.

## NEW STOLES

Stoles continue to be as popular as ever in Paris, but appear in new widths and shapes. The six-foot long fabric box is replaced by shorter and wider styles, shaped capelets and shawls, or triangular scarves in the Spanish mood.

Larvin covered a deep "U" back décolleté with a triangular stole, draped through the front of the neckline and fastened. Another stole from this season will prove an inspiration to any woman with a knack for embroidery. A pale blue wool jersey rectangle is appliquéd in vert with a scattering of black and white, life-size ermine tails. The white part fringed with a black tulle border.

Jacques Fath shows a new look in a long straight fur stole, heavily draped, which is fastened with a large, ornate buckle. The fur is a deep, rich brown, and the buckle is a large, ornate, and highly decorative piece.

## Individuality In Home Decoration

New York.

LET fashion have its Christian Dior and the other designers who constantly must create something new. There is no room for fads in home furnishings.

So says Melanie Kahane, a young and pretty New York decorator, who derides the way "fadism" is foisted on the housewife.

"Such fads," she said, "as black wrought iron all over the place, venetian blinds, glass brick, mobiles."

"Leave the vogue-lams to fashion. They're too expensive for furniture."

Not that home-decorating should get in a rut. But the changes, Miss Kahane said, should come about logically, as industry makes technological advances, as our economy changes, as our way of living alters.

## NOT WHIMSICAL

"Such changes are healthy," she said, in an interview. "They are not whimsical as fashion can be."

The designer, a vice president of the American Institute of Decorators, applied such trends as those which have done away with the front parlour for show and have made every room in the house one for living; the elimination of the dining room, which she said cost too much to furnish for what use the family made of it; and the elimination of inside barriers.

"I don't mean lack of walls," she said. "I refer to the openness and airiness of today's homes. People have discovered bare floors and big windows."

Miss Kahane, who once used grey-fannel for the wall-covering of a man's study, said today's housewife has greater chance for individuality in the home than ever before.

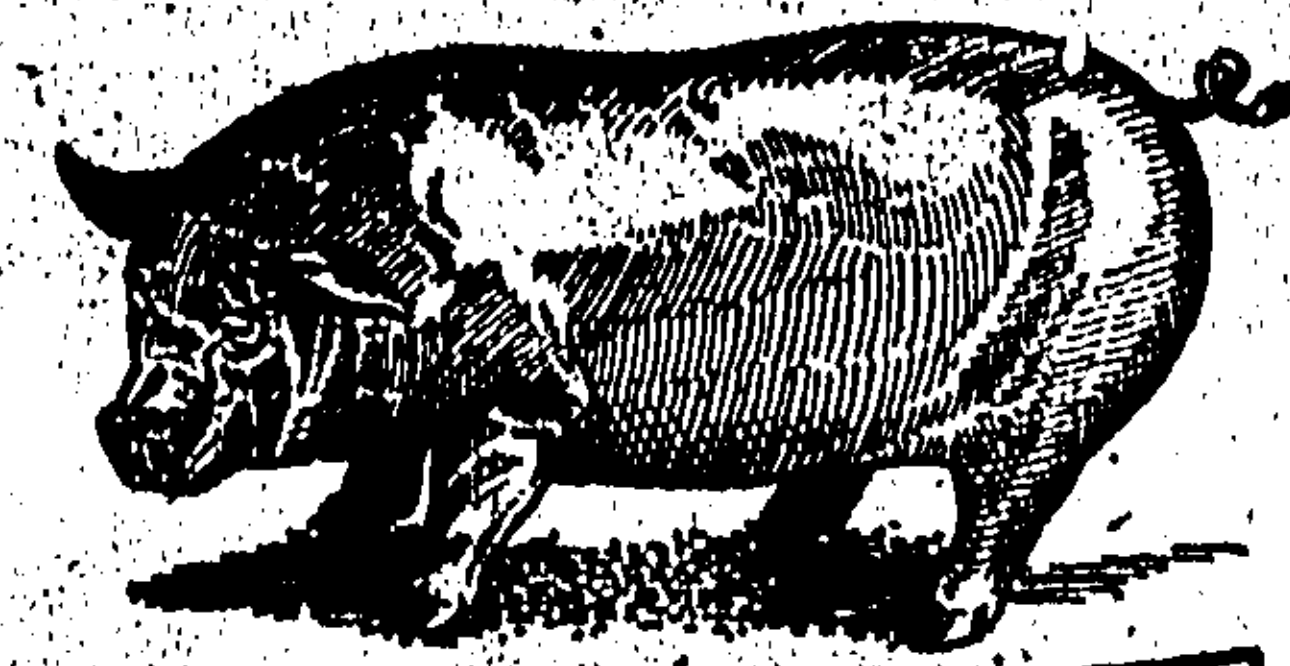
## COLOUR HELPS

"First off," she said, "her taste is better than ever. And there are so many new materials to work with—the plastics, new wood finishes and metals, the washability and serviceability of fabrics and paints."

"And above all, there's colour—colours to work with as never before. Use of colour is the cheapest way to redecorate."

Miss Kahane has started some unusual colour trends. She has combined pink and orange for pleasing and dramatic results, and set a bunch of women to copying when she came out with a black, white and orange colour scheme for a living room.

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Use quick-cooking tapioca instead of flour for thickening the milk base of a cheese soufflé to keep the soufflé high and light in weight.

A few drops of white vinegar added to the rinse water when

washing nylon curtains or plastic furniture helps reduce their dust-catching traits. The vinegar rinse reduces the static charge which causes the dust to collect.

Don't toss out those fresh green celery leaves. Use them to add flavour and nutritive value to soups, or dry them to use as seasonings.

## COCKTAIL HAT



This elegant and face-flattering hat, designed by Erik, is for cocktail wear. In black velvet trimmed with grosgrain. It has an interesting side movement emphasised by a large black ostrich pom-pom—London Express Service.

Beauty rules to follow for

## A Fresh Complexion

By HELEN FOLLETT

MANY a woman consents along on a beautiful complexion only to discover one day that skin isn't what it used to be. It's a sad state of affairs but to be expected if you don't give your complexion care.

Before it's too late, learn a few simple rules of beauty. They're insurance against complexion ills.

Cleanliness is most important for pretty skin. Don't just pass a soapy cloth over your face. That's not enough! Soap your face to remove surface make-up and dirt. Then, make a mask of a good quality toilet soap. Work it into skin with your fingers. Let the soap settle for a few minutes and rinse. Wipe. Make sure every last trace of soap is gone. If skin is dry, application of a nourishing cream should be on your nightly schedule.

Use cream but don't let it stay on overnight. After you remove it, pat on astringent to close pores.

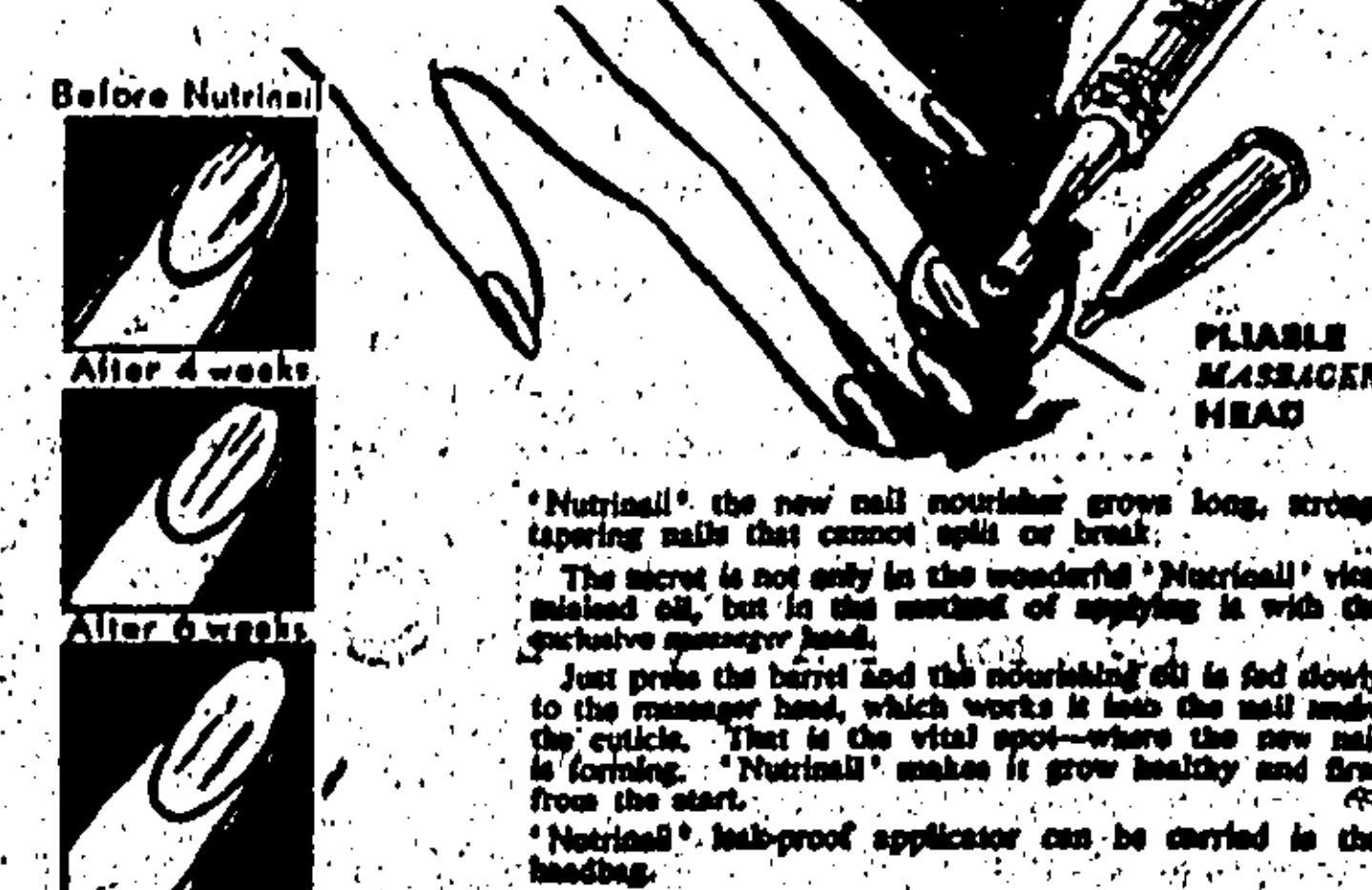
Fresh air will help your complexion, too. It can't be beat for giving cheeks a natural, rosy glow of health.

Lack of sleep shows up on your face. It causes skin to take on a grey look, makes dark circles appear under your eyes. The only remedy for this is to make sure you get those eight hours every night.

Keep diet healthy. A diet of rich foods and skins will grow thin with your fingers. Let the soap settle for a few minutes and rinse. Wipe. Make sure every last trace of soap is gone. If skin is dry, application of a nourishing cream should be on your nightly schedule.

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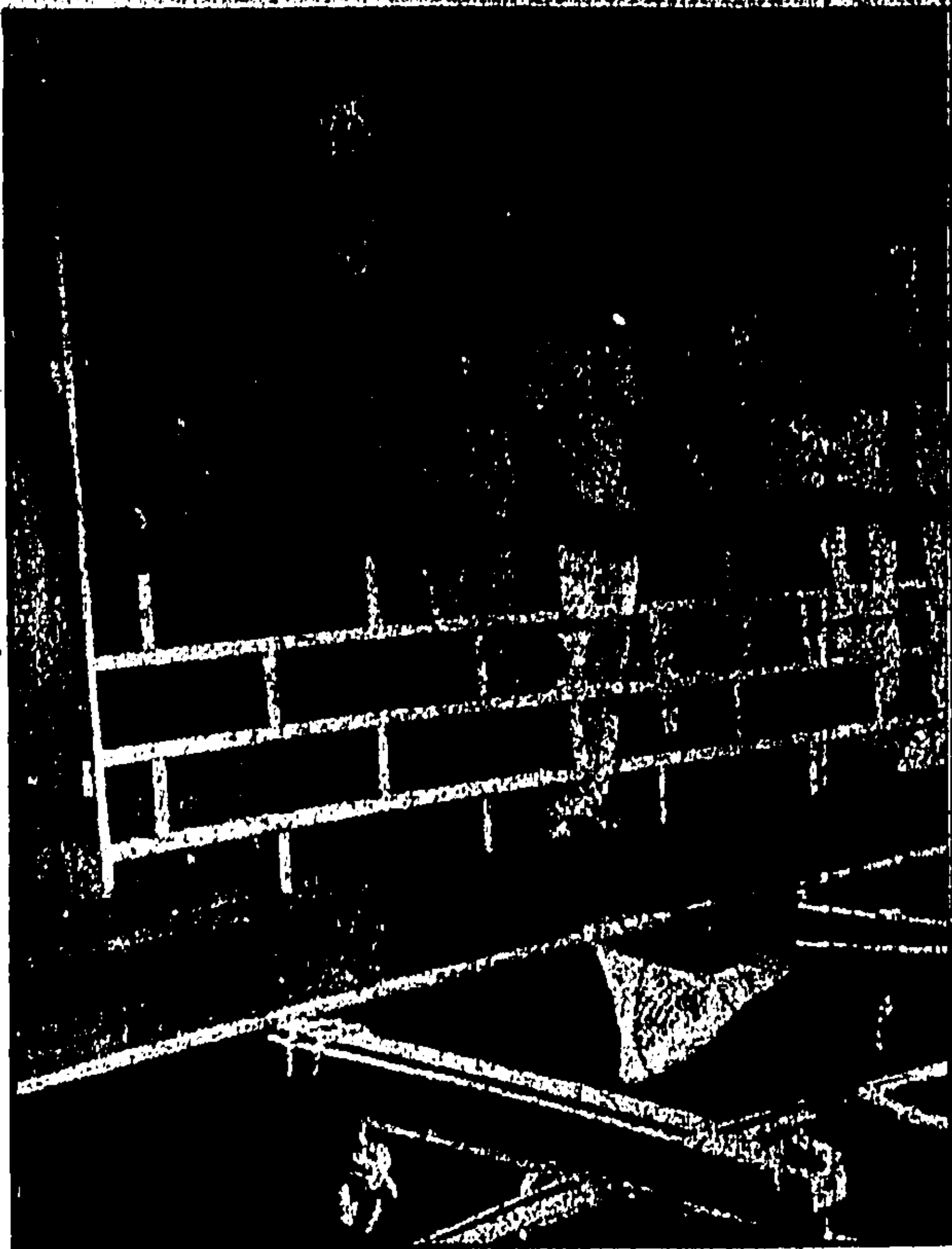
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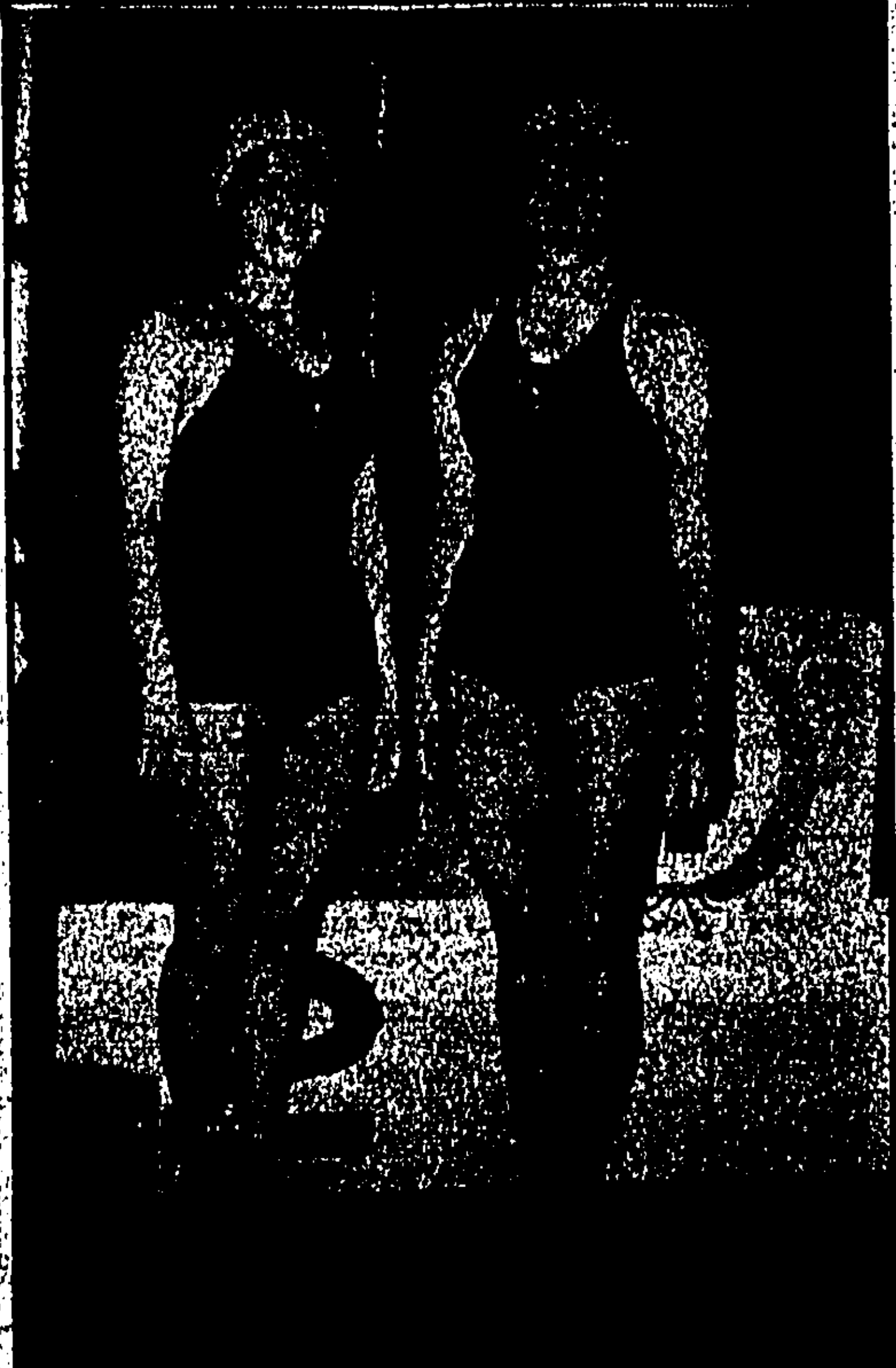




SIR Robert Boothby (picture on left) picking out a fish for lunch during his visit to an Aberdeen floating marine restaurant last week. Sir Robert and four other Members of Parliament looked over Hongkong for a few days, and studied at first hand some of the Colony's most pressing problems. Above: Another MP, Sir Roland Robinson, visiting the Hongkong University, listens to Prof. F. S. Drake explain a place of Chinese pottery. Below: Sir Roland Robinson and Mr Ralph Ashton at the cocktail party given in their honour by the Lancastrian Society. (Staff Photographer)



AT the conclusion of the Colony swimming championships last Saturday, Cheung Kin-man, who set up many new records, receives a trophy from Mrs H. Winglee. Right: Miss Fung Ying-choe (right), who set up a new backstroke record, is seen with Miss Kwok Ngan-hung, who was second. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Group picture taken after the wedding at the Registry on Tuesday of Dr Yeung Ming-hon and Miss Yu Yee-lan. (Staff Photographer)

AT the opening of the Colony's first flour mill operated by the Hongkong Flour Mills, Ltd. From left: Mr P. C. Woo, the Hon. Sir Shouson Chow, who set the machinery going, and Mr David L. F. Sung, managing director of the company. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Alfredo Alvares, son of Mr and Mrs A. V. Alvares, with his friends at his 14th birthday party last Saturday. Alfredo is seated on extreme left of picture. (Willie's)



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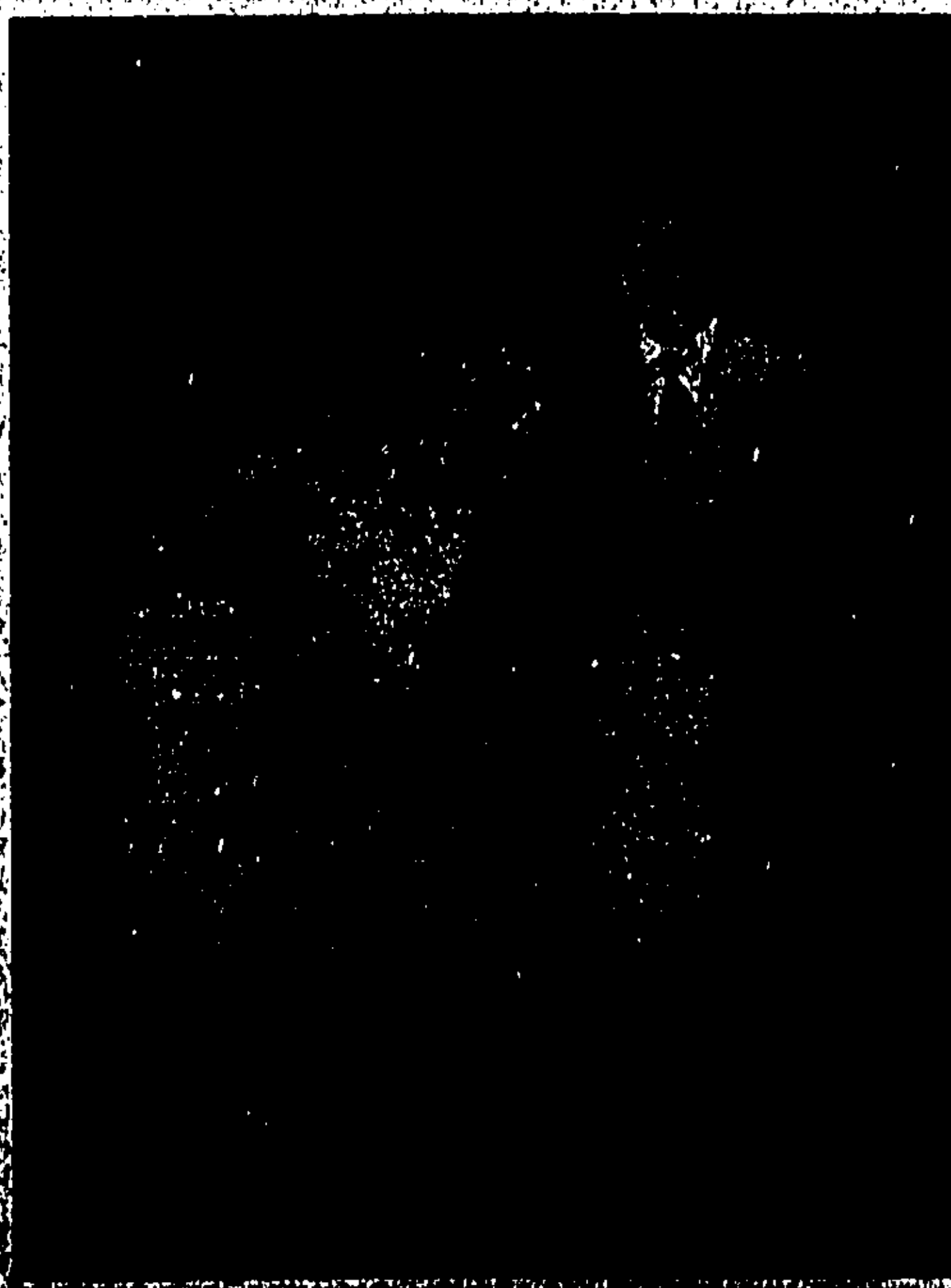
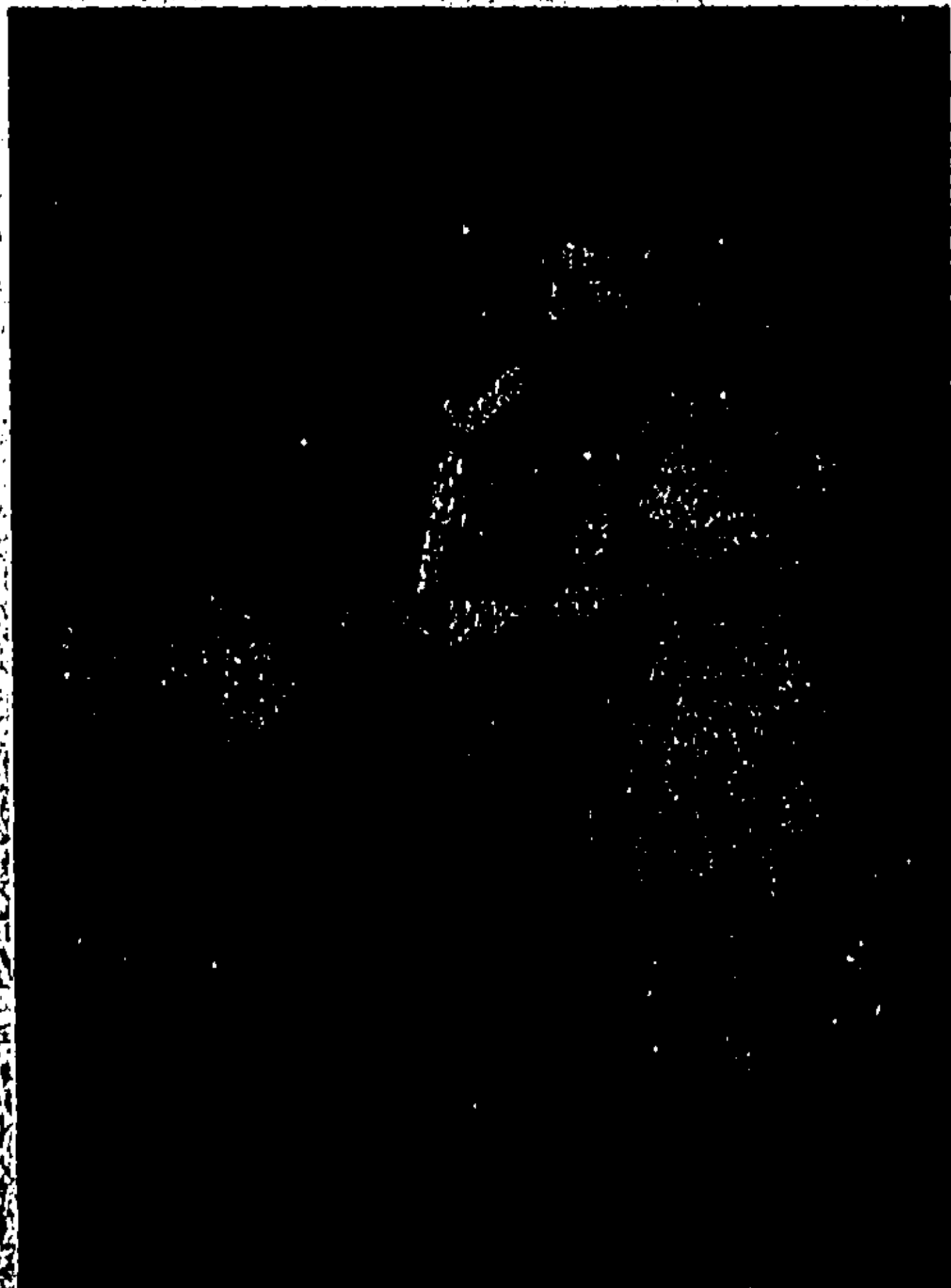
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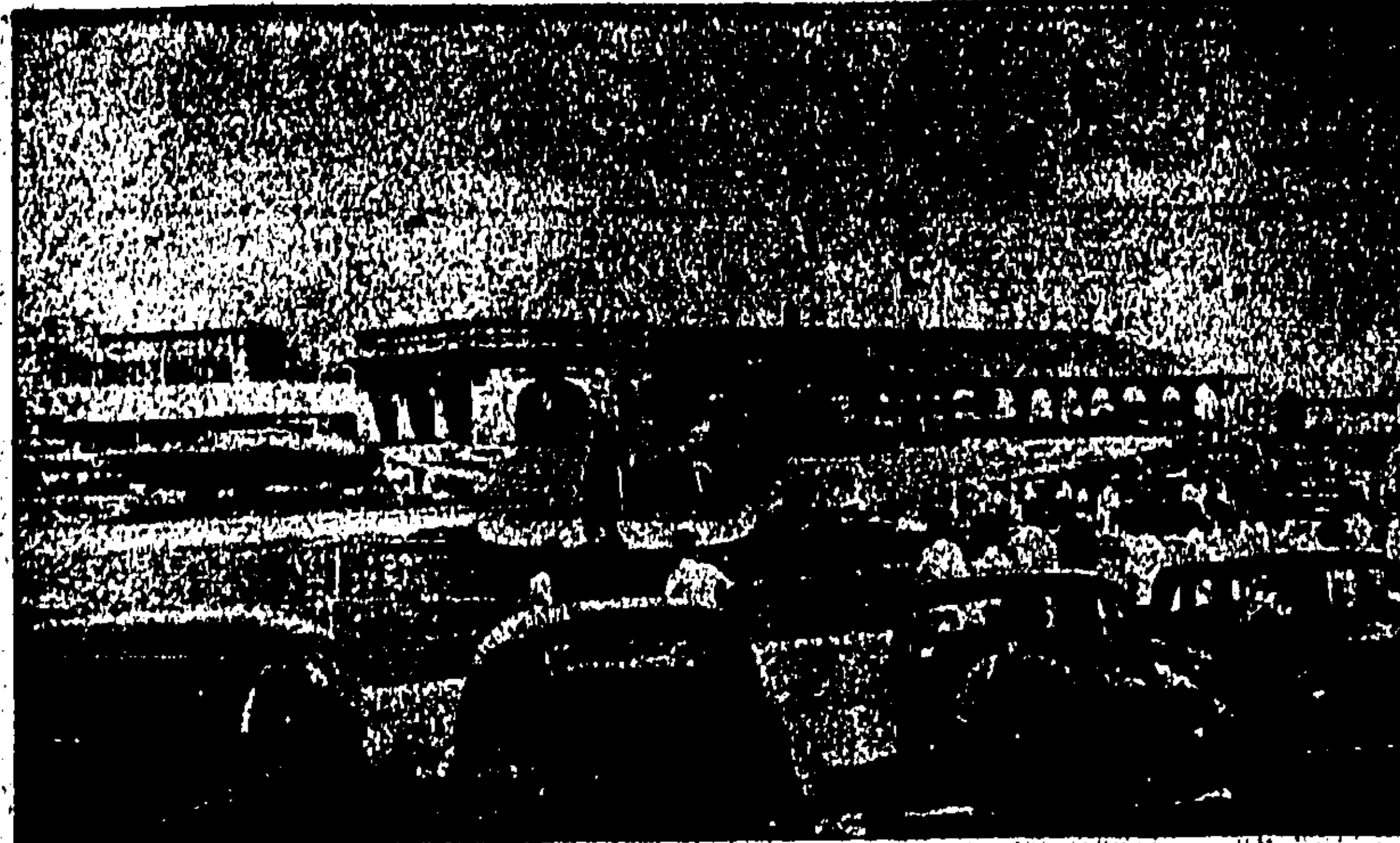
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**CLIMATE**





THE fourteenth anniversary of the Battle of Britain, when the gallant "Few" of the Royal Air Force defeated the vainglorious Luftwaffe, was commemorated in Hongkong with a ceremonial parade at which His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr R. B. Black, took the salute, and with services in the churches. Above view shows a unit of the RAF marching past. Left-hand picture shows Spitfire and Meteor aircraft on display. Right: The Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force taking over guard duties at Government House for the first time last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



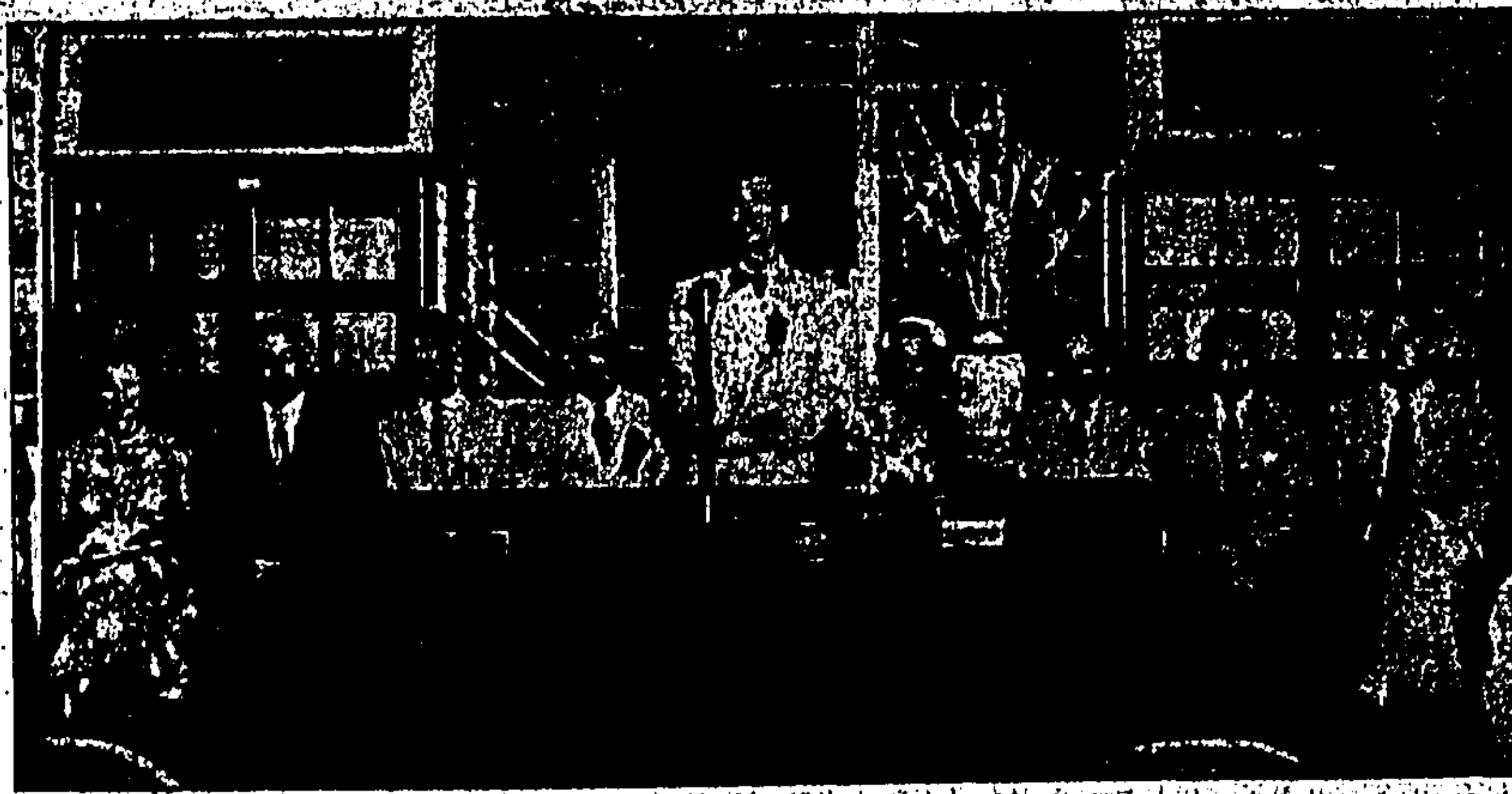
GROUP picture at the Battle of Britain service at St Andrew's Church last Sunday, when Buglers of the Hongkong Regiment sounded the Last Post and Reveille. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. H. Ogilvie, former RAF Chaplain, and among those who took part were His Honour Judge James Wicks, ex-Squadron Leader RAF, and F/Lt Herbert Green, who fought in 141 Fighter Squadron in the Battle of Britain. (Mainland)



SCOUTS of Victoria District who were successful in lifesaving tests at Lajchikok last week. They were awarded with the bronze medallion of the Royal Lifesaving Society. (Staff Photographer)



AT the christening of ten-weeks-old Robert Nigel Crum Willis, son of Captain T. R. C. Willis, RA, and Mrs Willis. Many friends were present at the christening, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Woo Shing-kuen, Chairman of the Hung-ham Kaitong Welfare Association, speaking at the opening of the new Hung-ham Kaitong Library in Gillies Avenue last week. The building was opened by the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, the Hon. R. R. Todd. (Staff Photographer)



TWO charming young ladies who helped to sell favours at the Rotary Club of Hongkong East Ladies' Night last week. Top picture is of Miss Shirley Dee, and lower picture shows Miss Andrea Nichol. (Staff Photographer)

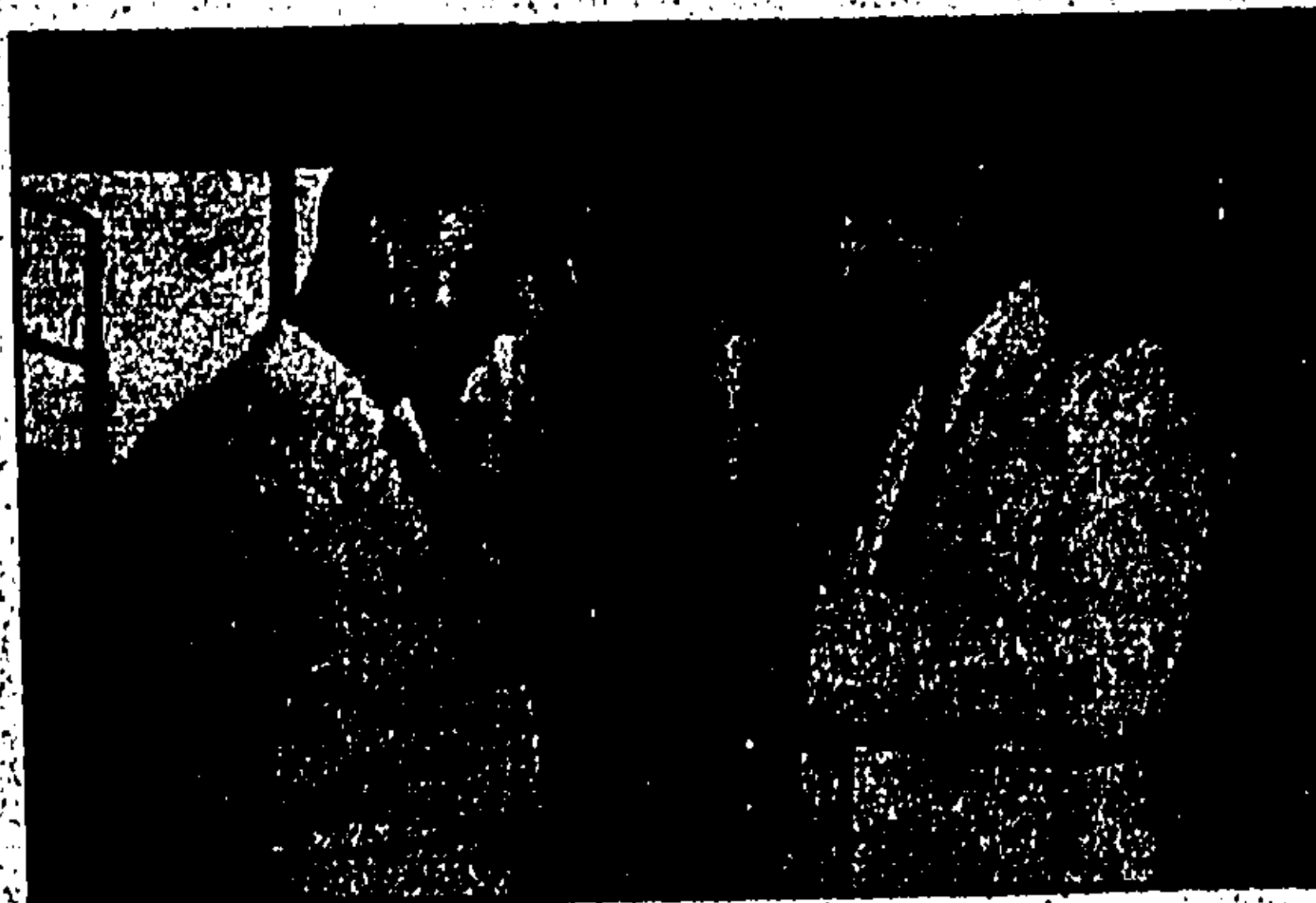
Dare you risk the danger... the loss or the damage?

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LEFT: Mr W. A. Grinham, Secretary and Acting Manager of the South China Morning Post, Ltd., presenting the challenge cup to Mr. Tom Eyton on his winning the SCMP Staff Club darts championship. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Officers of the 30 Field Regt (Gurkha) Royal Engineers after their Regimental Day ceremonial parade at Tam Mi Camp, New Territories. In centre of first row is Lt-Col J. H. Calver, and on his left is Major-General R. C. Craddock, GOC Land Forces, who took the salute. (Willie's)

K SHOES FOR MEN.

Full brogues as shown, in tan calf or Scotch grain; or lighter weight leathers and fine suede for the more formal occasions. All sizes.

ALLEN SOLLIS SOCKS.

In full or ankle length; plain or neat fancy designs. Pure wool or silk thread.

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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



## TEMPTING VARIATIONS ON THE BISCUIT THEME

DURING recent tours, the Chef and I were often asked by homemakers, "What's the best way to be sure of having good crusty baking powder biscuits that melt in your mouth? Home-made - from - scratch, made from a mix, bought ready-to-bake in refrigerated tins, or frozen?"

After re-testing all varieties, it is our considered opinion that, when well made, the home-made-from-scratch variety is the most delectable and, in any case, costs less.

Biscuit mix gives a satisfactory result if an extra 3 tablespoons of shortening are chopped into the basic amount designated.

The lined refrigerated biscuits are good if you like a slick top and also a fine-grained moist interior.

Frozen biscuits are not as good as when fresh made, and we do not find freezing unbaked biscuits satisfactory.

Personally, we prefer traditional baking powder or "tea" biscuits, that are crusty, a bit rough on top, with a rich fluffy-textured interior. These are quick and easy to make.

**Savory Biscuits:** These should be served with main courses. They include such variations as cheese biscuits, made by adding to the flour in the standard recipe, 1/4 c. fine-grated sharp cheese, and a few grains cayenne pepper; or 1 tsp. poultry seasoning; or by adding 1/2 c. chopped onion lightly sautéed in 2 tsp. of the shortening.

**Sweet Biscuits:** These should not be served with the main course, but with fruit salads at luncheon or supper, as a breakfast treat with the final cup of coffee; or at morning coffee or afternoon tea.

**Orange Biscuits:** Add 1 tsp. fine-grated orange peel to the

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

flour. Before baking, into the centre of each biscuit, press 1 small cube of loaf sugar moistened with not-diluted orange concentrate.

**Coconut Biscuits:** Add 1/2 tsp. grated lemon rind to the flour and 1/4 c. small-shredded coconut. Use 2 tsp. extra milk. Dust over a little coconut before baking.

**Sweet Biscuit Sandwiches:** Pat or roll biscuit dough 1/4 in. thick. Brush half the slices with butter. Top with 1 tsp. drained strawberry, raspberry or pineapple jam. Press on the remaining biscuits; dust with granulated sugar and bake 18-20 min.

### DINNER

Cucumber and Green Bean Salad

Savoury Chicken Fricassee on Biscuits

Paralised Potatoes Green Peas

Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level

Recipes Serve 4 to 6

**Savoury Chicken Fricassee on Biscuits:** Order a 4-lb. all-purpose chicken cut in sections. Place in a 2-qt. kettle with 1 c. diced celery, 1/4 c. diced onion, 2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. monosodium glutamate, 1/2 tsp. powdered ginger and 1/2 tsp. pepper. Add 6 c. boiling water and 3 beef bouillon cubes. Cover and simmer 1 1/2-2 hrs., or until the chicken is tender. Remove from the liquid; keep warm.

Blend 1/4 c. enriched flour with 1/4 c. cream or undiluted evaporated milk. Add to the chicken broth. Cook and stir until boiling. Season to taste; add 1 tsp. minced parsley.

On a large platter, arrange split savoury biscuits. Add half the gravy to the chicken; spoon over the biscuits. Sprinkle with

2 fine-chopped hard-cooked eggs; garnish with parsley sprigs. Pass the remaining gravy.

**"Pineappleicious":** Combine the contents 1 buffet tin crushed

pineapple with 12 marshmallows scissored into quarters, 1/2 c. chopped pecans and 1 c. whipped heavy cream. Refrigerate 4 hrs. or longer.

Serve in sherbet glasses, with or without a topping of whipped cream, and a pecan nutmeat on top of each.

## WHERE FATHER COMES IN

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

FATHER, Senior, Governor, the "Old Man," Pop, Dad—he's had lots of names. The psychiatrists and psychologists now refer to him as the "father-person"—of all things! In too many families he has been just a name. Or worse—merely the source of the family income, the threat of punishment hanging over the child who has done wrong, the dread personality who complains about the monthly bills, or the fellow for the family to put things over on. He has played too little a part in family living, to his own detriment, and the serious disadvantage of his wife and children.

Traditionally, the father was a somewhat austere and shadowy figure who made decisions from which there was no appeal, at least as to the children, though sometimes mother could "handle" father judiciously, provided he did not become suspicious. Business claimed the man of the family, often of the exclusion of other interests. If business involved much traveling, he had still less time for his home life.

The children and the home and the problems related thereto were regarded as woman's sphere, with which the lordly male should be bothered only in times of crisis.

### His Role Increases

Now, belatedly, Father is coming into his own, as a genuine sharing member of the family circle. This is important to every member of the household, including father. It results in better mental health and happier living for all, when wisely accomplished. Dr. Leo Barmes, in the American Journal of Psychiatry, gives some helpful pointers on how to do it.

Obviously, the father of the family is important to the mother. It is on their mutual affection that the family is built. Conflicts, recognized or unrecognized, between parents affect the children, even in infancy. Dr. Barmes cites the instance of a husband who suddenly decided to go fishing right after his wife and new baby returned from the

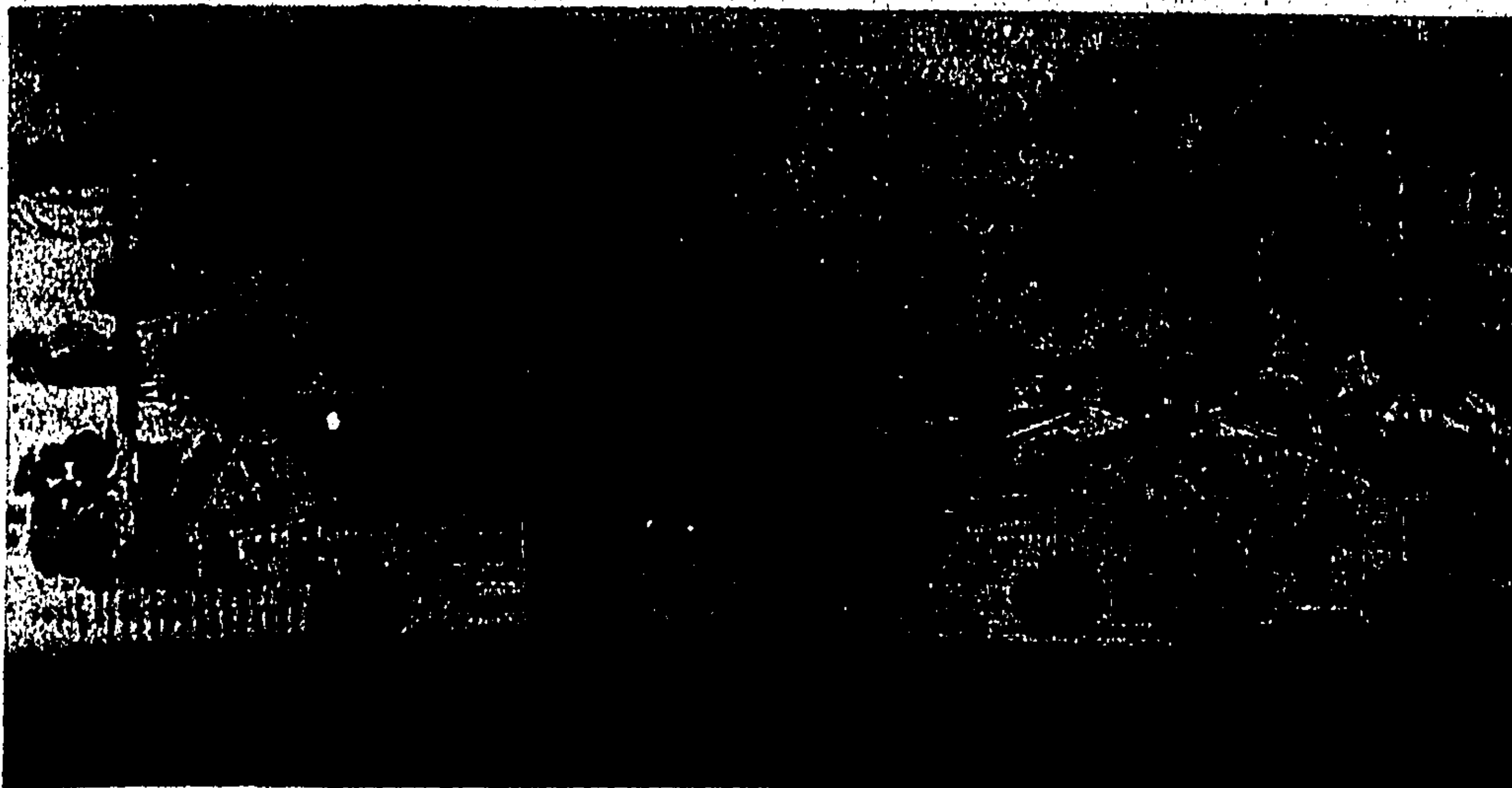
hospital. Almost at once, the baby became ill, unable to retain his feedings and emotionally upset. Hospitalized, the infant recovered promptly without medication. Back home, he relaxed while under his mother's care, did well under the care of a nurse. When his father abandoned the fishing trip, all was well. This baby sensed his mother's unexpressed and even unrecognized sense of insecurity due to her husband's imminent absence at a time of crisis. Older children, of course, are equally sensitive to friction or tension between parents. The doctor who stated that a child's most vital breakfast "food" was happy and contented parents was a wise man indeed. Notice, he said "parents." Everybody has two. Too often they are not both present, or if they are one on the other is not filling his or her place to the fullest possible extent. Far too frequently, this is father.

### Job Not Easy

Boys need fathers in order to have a pattern to emulate. The feminine influence is too strong in many families, and also in many schools. Boys who do not have fathers, require guidance to stand in a fatherly relation to them—uncles, older brothers, teachers, coaches, pastors. Hence the psychiatric term "father-person," sometimes expressed "father substitute." Girls need fathers, too, or reasonable facsimiles thereof; many girls marry "father-image" men. If they have had good fathers, they are more likely to make good marriages, and vice versa.

To be a good father is not easy. Over-strictness, over-strictness, over-strictness must be avoided. He must not be afraid to firm, for fear of losing affection of his children. At the same time, he must not be afraid to be gentle and affectionate, for fear of offending the "woman" ideal and being thought a sissy. Above all, as Dr. William S. Sandler emphasizes, he must not make a fool of himself by trying to be a "pal" to his children. He must take time from his business, no matter how important, to play a real part in the lives of his wife and children, and he must do it before it is too late. That means, from the very beginning of the marriage. Even before the children come.

## ★ Two Country Styles ★



LONG, LOW AND MODERN! That's Design K-376, which has the clean-cut lines you find in so many contemporary homes. The grille work around the living room picture window is the only traditional touch.



HERE'S A HOUSE that looks like a home. Design H-359 with its four-level roof and quaint multi-paned windows is a cozy cottage style. Inside the charming Dutch-type front door, however, you'll find a modern, efficient and very convenient floor plan.

By Joan O'Sullivan

NO matter what a home looks like, it must offer modern conveniences. Both of the country houses featured today do. One's designed along modern lines, the other is a traditional cozy cottage style.

At the top of the page, Design K-376, is streamlined with the long clean-cut lines that typify modern. The only traditional touch is the wrought iron grille work around the living room picture window. It reminds one of the more ornate

architectural designs fashionable in the old days. Inside, the floor plan is perfection itself.

The living room is isolated at the front of the house away from bedrooms and kitchen, yet easily accessible to them. A good-sized area with a huge fireplace and a picture window view of the front grounds, the living room has entrances to the covered porch and the dining room.

In back of the dining area, which also opens on the covered porch, is the kitchen. An L-shaped arrangement of appliances makes cooking easy work for the homemaker. One area is reserved for dining. To the left of the kitchen, a hallway leads to the basement stairway, a lavatory and the back entrance.

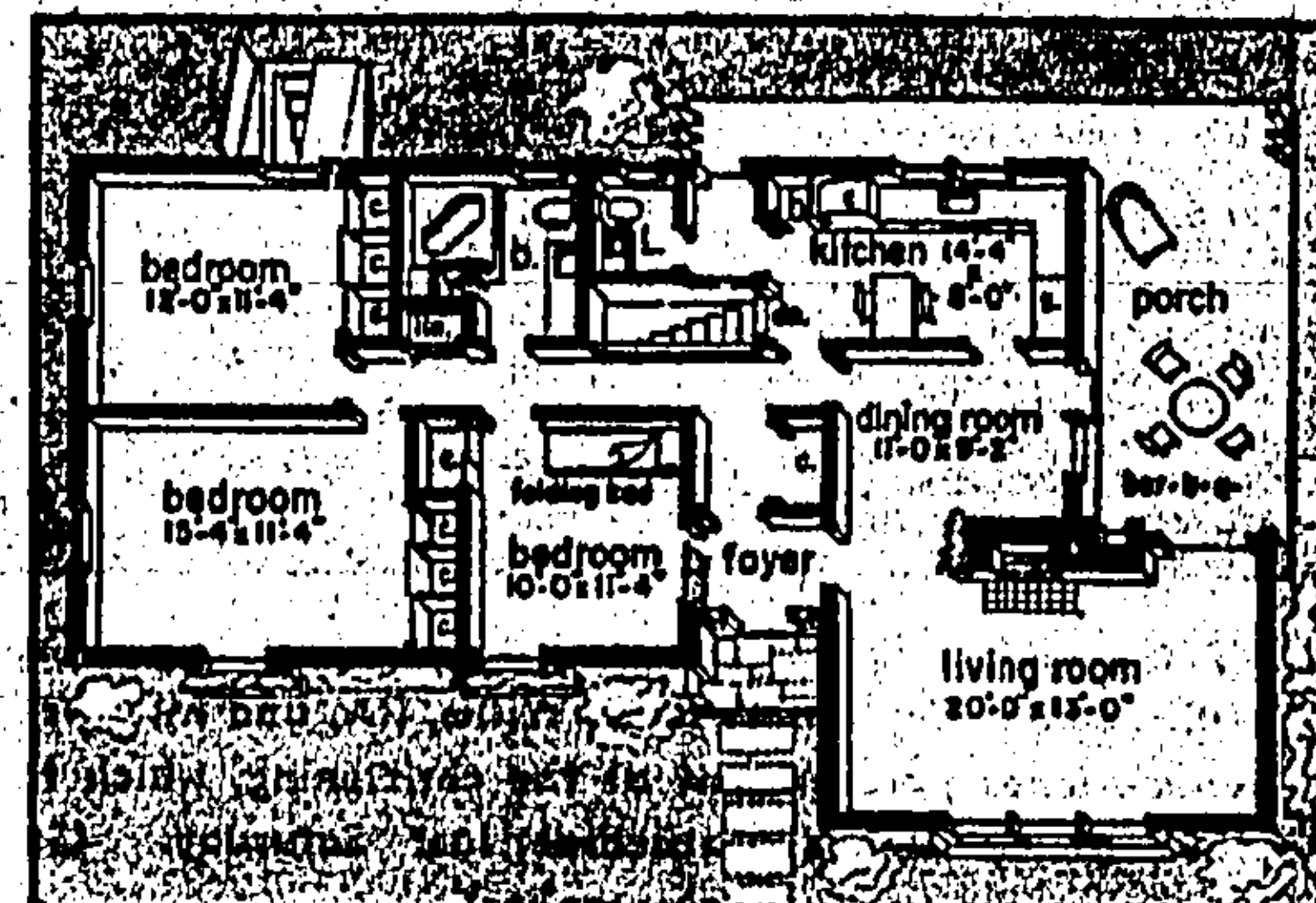
Sleeping quarters are at the left side of the house. Just off the entry is a bedroom, with a folding bed, which might double as a den. A folding wall separates it from the foyer. Two large corner bedrooms are cross-ventilated, and each has three closets.

In the hallway, convenient to all three bedrooms, is the bath and, just outside it, a roomy linen closet.

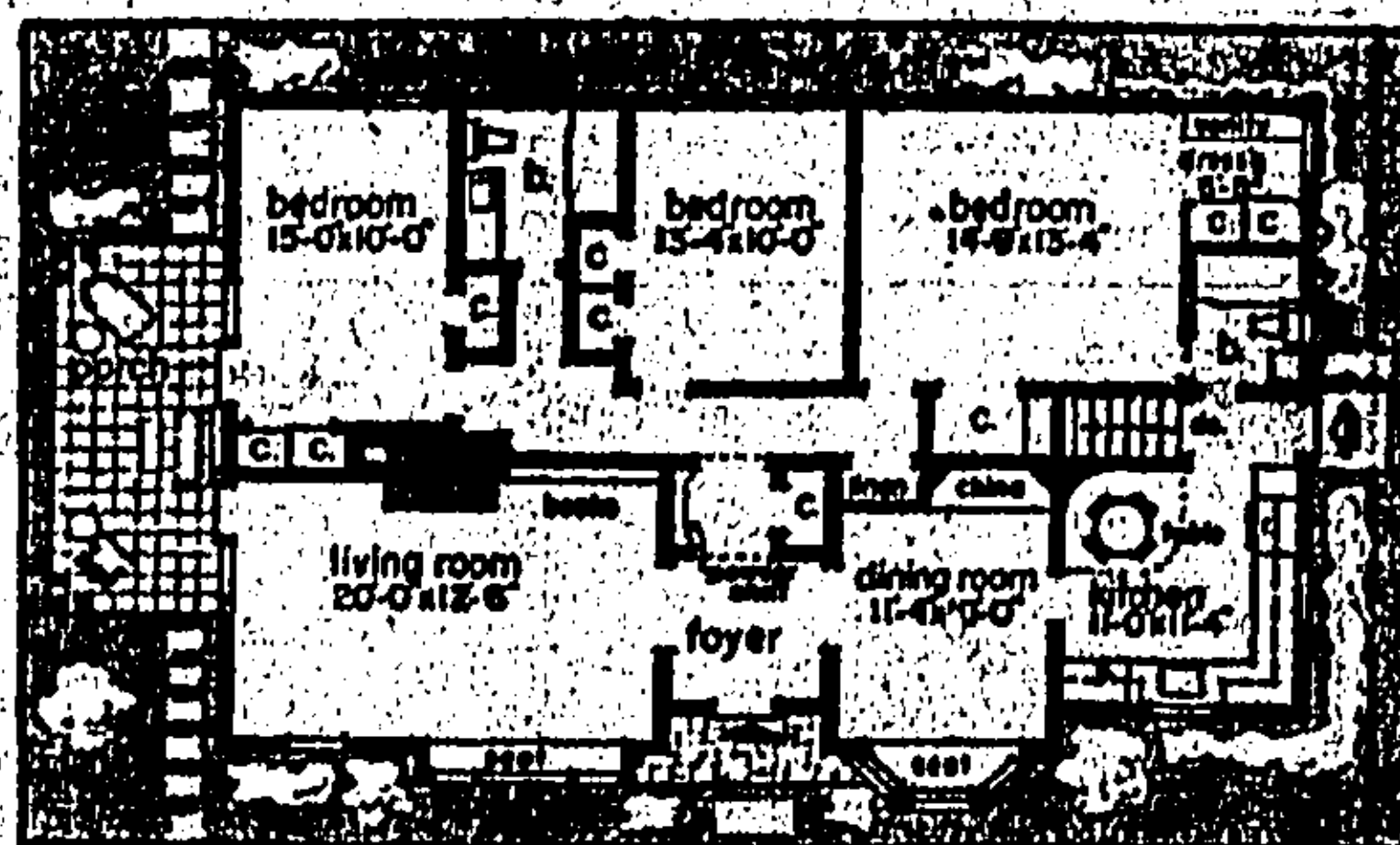
The home, which comprises 1,380 square feet, has more than 60 square feet of closet area.

The other design featured today, K-359, is a cozy cottage with traditional charm. Inside the Dutch-type front door, the plan is modern and efficient.

Just opposite the entry, a small hallway, which leads to the bedrooms, has a lavatory and the back entrance. Back of the kitchen, a hallway leads to the back porch and the living room. The living room, which is the heart of the house, has a fireplace, a picture window, and a built-in china cabinet. The dining room, which is adjacent to the kitchen, has a built-in dining table and chairs. The bedrooms are at the rear of the house, each with a built-in closet. The bath is located between the bedrooms and the living room. The overall design is a blend of traditional and modern elements, creating a cozy and functional living space.



THE LIVING ROOM of Plan K-376, planned for privacy, is away from the bedrooms and the kitchen. It has access to the covered barbecue porch.



THE MASTER BEDROOM of Plan K-359 is something special. It shares a bath with the kitchen, has five windows and a dressing alcove with closets.

This bedroom is a very built-in area for books and excellent closet space. There's a side porch serves both this area and the back corner bedroom.

To the right of the foyer is the dining room with a built-in china cabinet, as well as a window seat.

Adjacent to it, the square kitchen has a built-in dining table and chairs. The bedrooms are at the rear of the house, each with a built-in closet. The bath is located between the bedrooms and the living room. The overall design is a blend of traditional and modern elements, creating a cozy and functional living space.

## Emotional Factors Can Cause False Pregnancy

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

CESSATION of menstruation does not necessarily mean that a woman is going through change of life or is pregnant.

Many young women seeking pregnancy may cease menstruation and actually develop many of the symptoms of pregnancy without actually being pregnant. They may have the nausea, the vomiting, the frequency of urination and still not be pregnant.

Physicians can test for pregnancy in a variety of ways. They have used mice, rabbits and various forms of toads and frogs. The frog and rabbit methods are the tests most commonly used now.

A new type of test is now being tried out which does not use any animals at all but works on the sympathetic

nervous system of the body. This is the one that controls the essential life activities of the heart and the blood vessels.

Certain drugs can affect a part of this second nervous system of the body. One of these is known as stigmone. When used as a stimulant, it can initiate menstruation in women who are not pregnant.

Of course this must occur at the time of the menstrual cycle when menstruation would normally take place. It does not work where there is a hormone deficiency or during the menstrual irregularities of menopause. However, when menstruation has been delayed because of fear, or strong desire for pregnancy, stigmone has been quite successful in starting the flow.

### His Role Increases

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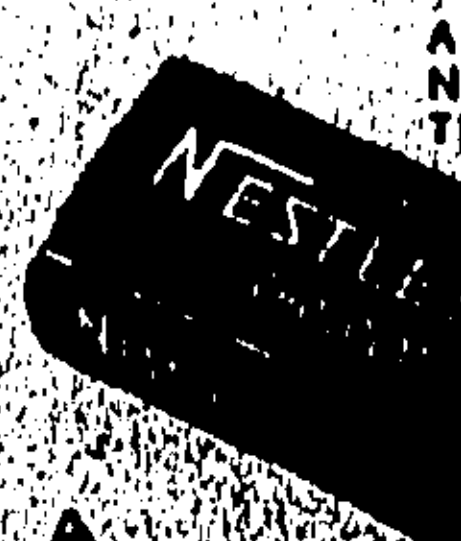
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"There is hardly anything in the world that some man cannot make a little worse and sell a little cheaper and the people who consider price only are this man's lawful prey."

IF IT'S NESTLÉ'S IT'S GOOD ... VERY GOOD!



# William Hickey

## CORNED BEEF AT SADLER'S WELLS

London. BY PAYLOVAL BY Danilov. By all the other Ovas that have ever danced in the ballet! What a terrible thing this pay dispute of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet is!

I thought those sylph-like creatures lived on ambrosia and nectar... with, maybe, an occasional sip of champagne poured out of a magnum into their slippers. I thought these dream girls never had to worry about THE COST OF LIVING. About the price of corned beef. Or Brussels sprouts.

But they do. They are fighting for more pay. And they are keeping it step... as if they were doing Act I from "Swan Lake".

It is as if one heard that the rheumatism and sciatica had been stowed away in a cupboard to be taken out of the wardrobe to hear Dame Ninette de Valois give the management's views.

It wasn't quite a solo performance. Norman Parker, the credit to change his name to Tuckwell, really was there to make it a piece de deux.

### All for £5

"We are," said the woman who has made the British ballet what it is, "like a miniature Civil Service."

I wiped a thread of gossamer from my eye. I felt that at any moment she would be talking about an intake of dancers. Or a pool of them. Or about their pension rights.

This wasn't "The Spectre of the Rose." This was "The Ghost from the Ministry." This wasn't an "Entrée." It was an "En-Tray."

On my way to Dame Ninette. "We cannot have every little girl in the company telling us, 'I do not agree with you'." "It's the principle."

The money involved is only about £5 a week. A ten-shilling-a-week increase for nine or 10 dancers is all that separates the management from Equity, which is handling the dispute for the company.

But Sadler's Wells wants to preserve its freedom. It wants to give rises as it thinks fit.

Not a prince... It was about then that I forgot to listen any more. I was making up a ballet.

There was Smithova, an infinitely pathetic little girl in rags. Who met Robinson, the handsome prince.

Smithova was to marry him and please with her aunt... well, she did bear a resemblance to Dame Ninette.

But the aunt throws herself about in an absolute fury. She points to the carriage-and-four... to the jewels... and to the clothes. Then as the music crashes out she gives a great gesture of refusal.

Robinson goes off to Transport House in a fury. He is really a trade union leader... not a prince at all.

Smithova, fed up with the whole affair, runs off with a hand-leader. And comes back to the old cottage and pokes her finger at old aunt.

When I came to someone was talking about collective bargaining. I crept out.

### Variable face

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL has given another sitting. Churchill, Graham Sutherland, who is painting the Prime Minister's portrait.

Sutherland is enjoying the work. But as I talked with him, I realised that he was passing through the difficult phase of his work. He realised that this is a great opportunity. That after his portrait of Lord Beaverbrook and Somerset Maugham much is expected.

And he hasn't yet worked out in his mind how he is going to treat the picture.

Churchill is being very co-operative. Sutherland wondered if he was demanding too much time from the Prime Minister and spoke about it to Lady Churchill.

"Oh," she said, "we let him do as he likes. If he wants to sit and chat, let him."

### He worries

Sutherland is at the moment finding that well-known fact too variable. Sometimes it is a young man's face, full of vitality and vigour.

Other times he looks tired. It is a face of infinite variety... understandably enough in a man whose life has been so variable.

Sutherland is a man who worries about his work. His solutions do not come easily. At the moment he is worrying and working every day until late in the night trying to capture the essence of Churchill.

It is an incredibly difficult task. But Sutherland is the man to accomplish it.

### Take it from Joy

JOY NICHOLS told the story of the Australian sheep-farmer on holiday in Britain who walked into a showroom full of wonderful cars.

"He," she said, "to the elegant salesman, 'how much is that one?'... pointing to one of the most expensive."

The Australian didn't look very prosperous. The salesman answered him in an offhand way. "Oh! That would cost about £6,000, steering."

"Hm!" muttered the Australian, "that would be about £6,000 Australian. Well... I'll take it."

"Yes! Thank you, sir," said the salesman, full of interest now. "Are there any special fittings you would like?"

"Well," said the farmer, "I would like to have a glass panel between the front and rear seats."

"Certainly sir, certainly sir!" said the salesman. "I quite understand... a little privacy away from the chauffeur."

"Not quite that, caber!" was the answer. "I just don't want these sheep breathing down the back of my neck."

Joy Nichols was one of the two guests of honour at the Variety Club lunch. The other was also an Australian—Sir Thomas White, the Dominion's High Commissioner.

### Garbo's milk-glass

A NEW YORK antique dealer, Mr David Weiss, tells me Greta Garbo is one of his customers.

"She just lives for pink opaline," he said. "I'm afraid I was none the wiser. But I am told that it is a semi-transparent glass which is also called milk-glass."

### Want a halo?

HALOES for everybody! Harps for all! For a small investment you can all be "angels" of the theatrical kind—the people who put up money to back shows.

According to an American advertisement, there is a company called Broadway Angels, Inc. And "for only 50 cents a share you can buy stock in a corporation that invests regularly in Broadway shows...."

Details are given of the enormous profits made. But then comes the cold water. "These are extremes.... many shows are a complete financial loss...."

So you can still lose your shirt—for a 50-cent halo.

### Suitors by type

AT Farnborough, they tell me, the wife of an air vice-marshal was talking about the proposals of marriage she had received in her younger days.

She divided them, like the aircraft on show, into three types... the prop... the jet... and the hover type.

"The prop type," she said, "you can hear well in advance and be prepared; the jet type has come and gone before he has finished putting the question."

"The hover type dithers about a bit, but finally settles down."

## Once the Germans Put £400,000 on his head

# THE GENERAL WORKS WITH SILVER NOW

London. THREE paces took me from the gate to the front door of the modest semi-detached villa that is No. 3 in a quiet avenue in Alpertown. I rang the bell.

The man who opened the door fitted exactly into the suburban surroundings. A short, slightly built man, with a domed head and a delta-shaped moustache.

"Does General Bor live here?" I asked. The question seemed absurd.

"I am General Bor," the little man said, "do come in." The man who at this time 10 years ago was Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Home Forces in the desperate 63-day battle of Warsaw, and upon whose head the Germans put a price of £400,000, showed me into the small, lace-curtained front room that in most houses in the avenue would be the parlour.

### NO PENSION

The room was full of heavy furniture—a wardrobe, chest-of-drawers, bookcase, desk—the kind of things that can be picked up at auction sales. An untidy, mannish room, but containing no clues to the past.

"My study," the general said, "My workshop, also."

"Workroom?"

"Yes, for you see, when the war was over I had too old to start work in a factory (I'm 59 now). And I could not speak much of English, so I could get no office work. I decided I must do homework. I am a silversmith now."

"I looked about for something I could do at home," he said, "and I found a book about this. Now I can make these things, and candlesticks and chalices and such things for churches, and the shops sell them for me."

The general was born in a castle in Galicia. There were 30-40 rooms in the castle. There are seven in the general's present home, and as if that sounded too much for a family of four, the general explained: "Two of the rooms here are very small and two are let to tenants."

Polish generals who fought under British command received pensions. General Bor-Komorowski's underground army of 300,000—he has added his wartime code name "Bor"—to his family name—was never under any such command, so there is no pension. It is not only to keep his mind occupied, that the general works beating out silver.

His wife, daughter of a general, a woman of great charm and several talents (portrait painting in oils for one) has work to do, too, besides looking after her husband and their two young sons, Adam and George.

"This is my workshop," she said, and led the way to the other entertaining room, whose most important furniture was a sewing-machine. "I never liked sewing," she said, "but now, well, I make clothes skirts mostly, for a wholesale firm. I suppose it is quite fun, machine-sewing."

They do not see much of their neighbours in the avenue, and the general has never visited the "local" round the corner that other householders use. But when the general takes his spandrel Gyp for a walk, there are friendly nods for him from those he meets, and he and his wife are touched by the help they have had in the ways of suburbia from those around them.

The general's hobbies in the old days were riding, hunting, shooting (he was a member of the victorious Polish army jumping team at the 1936 Berlin Olympics).

Now, when he is not busy as a silversmith, he is writing articles or preparing speeches for Polish Old Comrades meetings.

There are 300 to 400 of his home army in Britain. They include two generals from his staff. One, like Bor-Komorowski, does "homework" making artificial jewellery. The other is a care taker in an old people's home.

Talking of them, the general went to a drawer of his desk and brought out a faded armband in Poland's national colours, red and white. He wore it on the sleeve of a lounge suit—his only uniform as C-in-C in the Warsaw uprising, which was overcome, less by the German enemy than by the treachery of an ally—Russia.

"Had the Russians come, as they could have done, the Germans would have been overwhelmed. But when the Russians found we were not

by  
**HUGH CLELAND**

SOUVENIR

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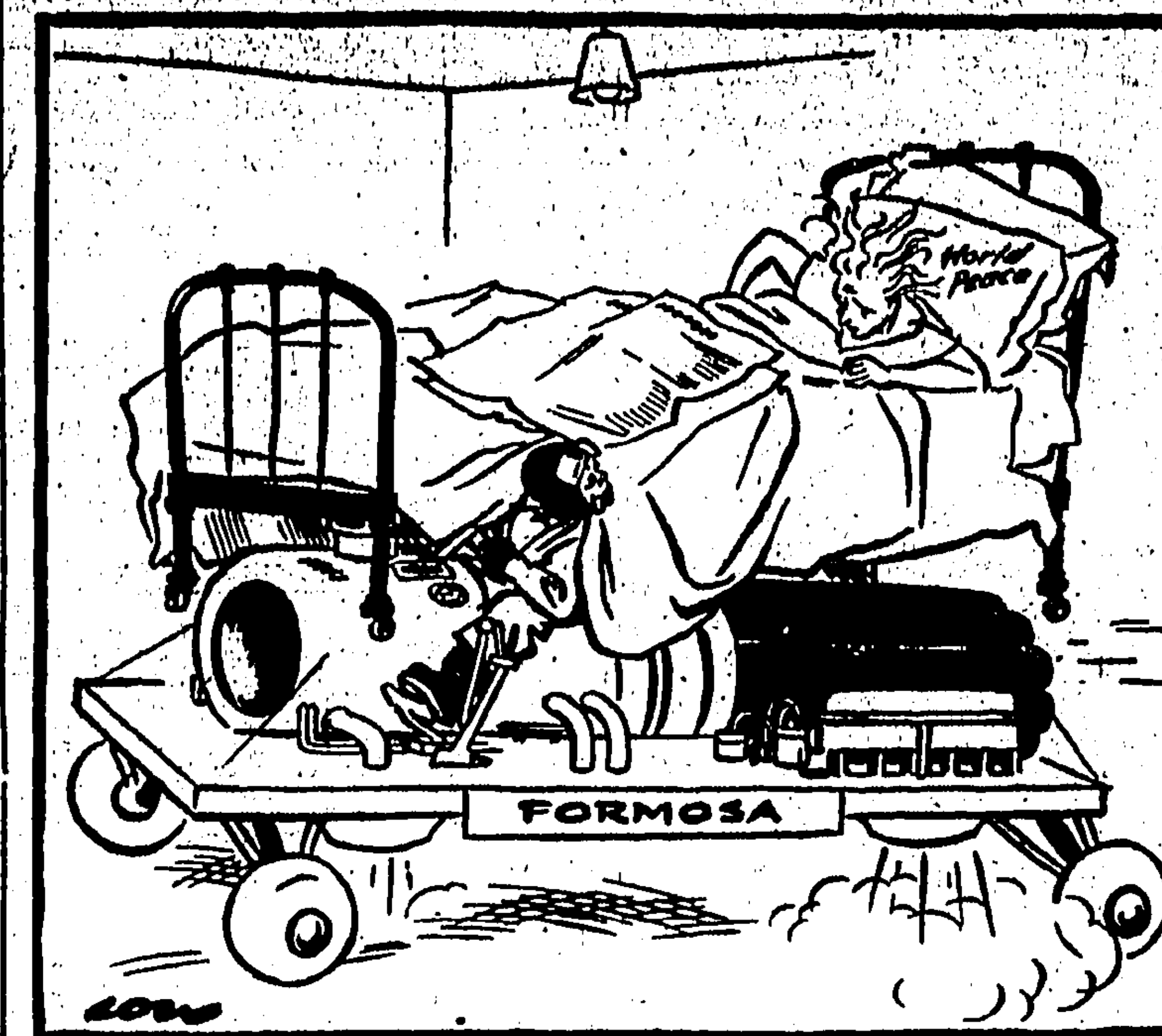
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## With Les Armour In Britain Today

London. THE little town of Rewdley, Worcestershire, basking happily in a strong sense of history, boasts an institution known as the "Highwayman's Cafe."

Falling the appearance of real live, swaggering highwaymen, it caters contentedly for a steady flow of hardworking townsmen.

But one night, two shady figures crept in unheeding. "This," said one in a faltering voice, "is a sick-up. Give me the fill."

Rightly, the owner, Mrs Kathleen Parker, who knows a highwayman when she sees one, retorted: "Not likely!"

Lost there by any doubt, she added, forcefully: "I shall give you no fill. I'll call for the police." Then she tapped at the window to a woman passerby.

The two "desperate" characters, looking out, had seen the light of day. They had seen that England has more, to be done or more pleasantly, than to be frightened away by the mere sight of a passing woman.

England has gone to the American movies. Notice the language: "This is a sick-up." Not "Prithce, m'am, thy gold and silver, if you please."

Notice also the awkwardness. No self-respecting highwayman would ask for "the fill." What could he do with so ungainly an object?

But this is hardly the point. A genuine highwayman could not have been frightened away by the mere sight of a passing woman.

The real McCoy would quite simply have invited her in for a drink, filled her full of good strong ale, and trusted her up. He would have exercised the utmost gentility in the trusting operation, of course, offered his sincere apologies, and probably planned a bright red rose on her breast before departing.

It was just that exhibitors at the Radio and Television Exhibition had got together and bought some fish so the swirling millions would have something to look at besides the BBC.

We decided we preferred the BBC. They were showing rabbits, dressed in clothes, and talking. That was a better deal for our money.

Still, there were many more marvels of the modern world waiting to be seen. And we are not a slow man to make out a rabbit, dressed in clothes, and talking. That was a better deal for our money.

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In fact, the genuine highwayman would have been so much a gentleman that no one could really feel any ill-will towards him—especially since everyone would know that the foot would be well spent on good sack and strong wine for the amusement of beautiful young damsels.

And what of these shuffling, timorous characters? Even if they had got away with the booty, they would only have spent it in a dreary succession of suburban cinemas where they might learn more expressions like "This is a sick-up."

Pale-faced and shaking, they could only have been the object of pity and derision.

They add nothing to the landscape. And a modern hygienic prison, with plenty of mail bags to sew, is the only solution for them.

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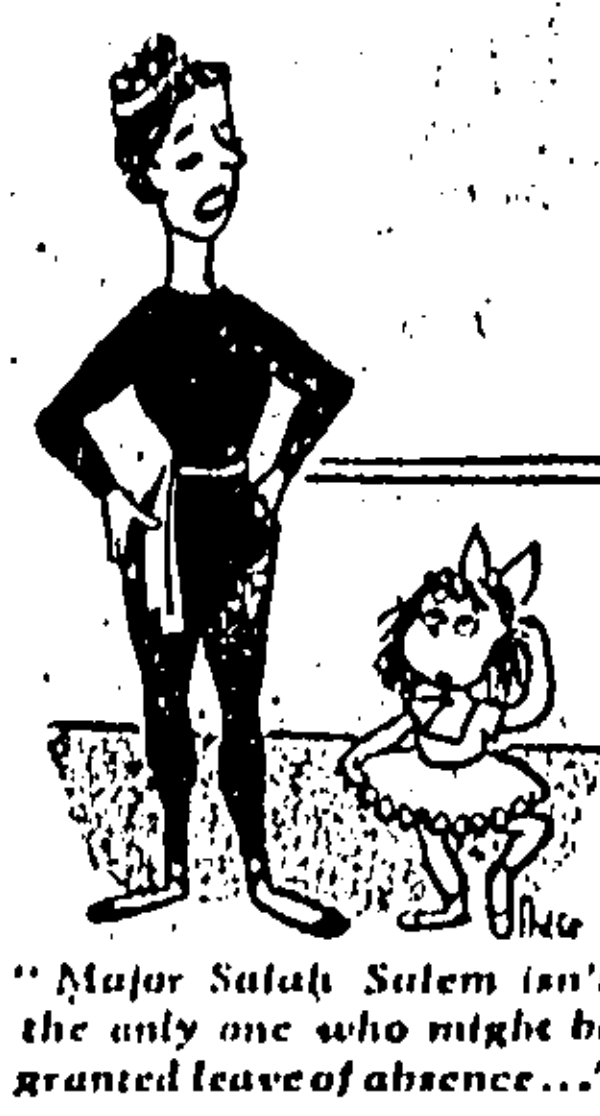
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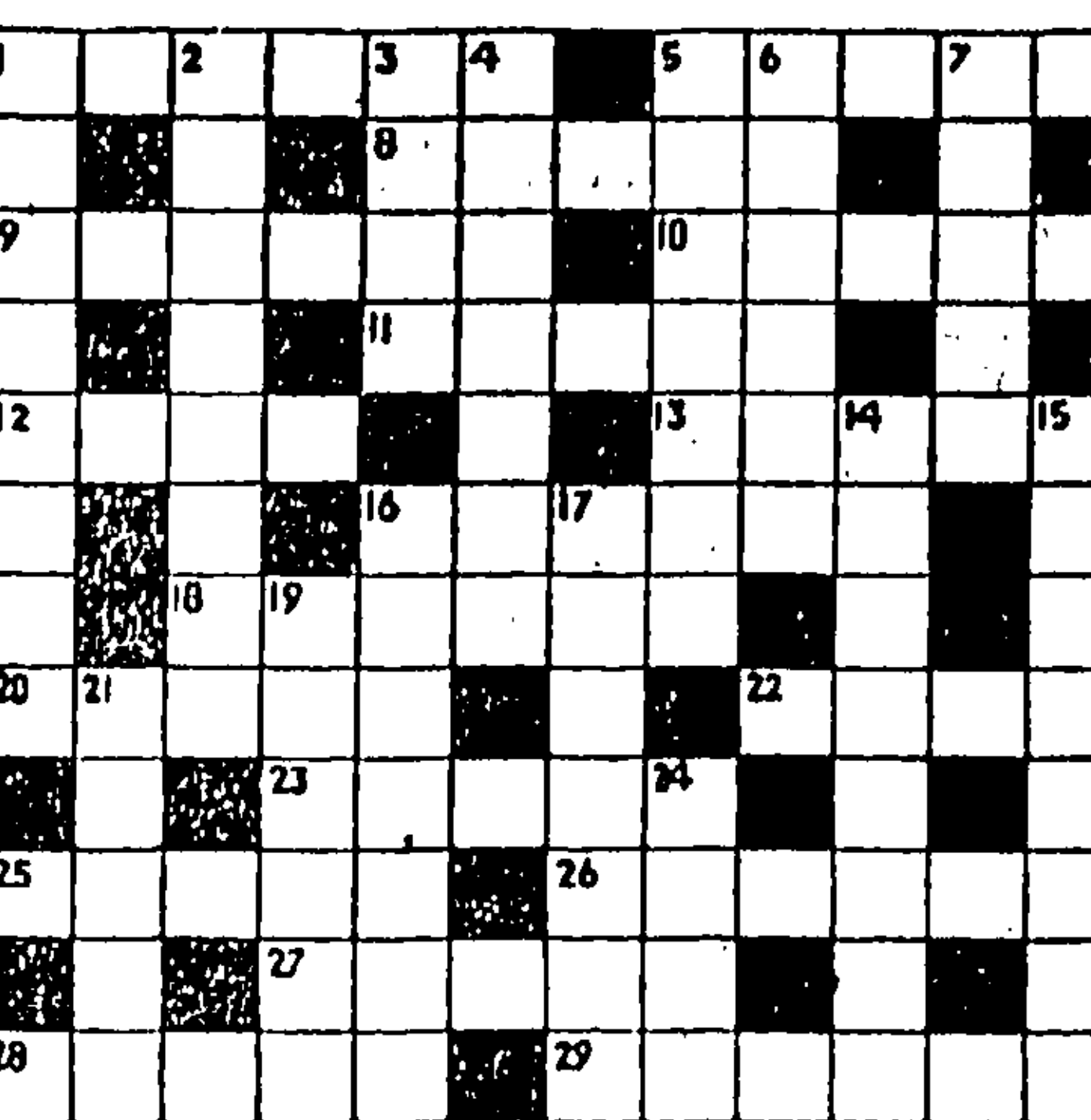
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ARTIE'S HEADLINE



A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
- Small wheel on leg of chair (4).
  - Nip (5).
  - Territory (5).
  - Winds round and round (8).
  - Protective garment (5).
  - Lariat (5).
  - Niggardly (4).
  - Laugh of hair (5).
  - Spanish coin (5).
  - Chit (5).
  - Equips (4).
  - Smooths out (5).
  - Arrests (5).
  - Museum piece (5).
  - Merited (5).
  - Concile (5).
  - Stupider (5).
  - Attends (5).
- DOWN
- Material (8).
  - Entire (4).
  - Spoken (4).
  - Told (7).
  - Adhesive dressing (7).
  - Bring into the country (6).
  - Peculiar (5).
  - Pieces of jewellery (8).
  - Goes down (8).
  - Clergymen (7).
  - Snake (7).
  - Flag (5).
  - Jump (5).
  - Over-satisfy (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Eggs, 7 Leave, 8 Iris, 9 Earl, 10 Mundane, 12 Time, 13 Island, 14 Soup, 15 Rapid, 21 Uncle, 22 Time, 23 Nerve, 24 Brawl, 25 Slender, 26 Rate, 31 Pile, 32 Cedar, 33 Wary, 34 Down, 35 Hour, 36 Golden, 37 Green, 38 Kilo, 39 Snap, 40 Allen, 41 Hope, 42 Made, 43 Drive, 44 Dumb, 45 Sign, 46 Attended, 47 Tilt, 48 Aster, 49 Relax, 50 Omit, 51 Drew.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

**GOODBYE, FOR EERING:** Gallantry to rich themselves gracefully of unwanted husbands times are getting tough. Fewer British husbands than ever are nowadays prepared to "act like a gentleman" in purporting to be the guilty party in divorce cases.

This final pincation used to be demanded as a matter of course, and the distressed ex-husband was expected to take himself off on a big game hunting expedition in such faraway places as Africa and India. For the fellow should not, naturally, remain around to embarrass the lady.

But today income tax is high, and faraway places costly, and big game shooting licenses a luxury. And jobs, even in the family business, are not held vacant for the traditional six or twelve months.

So British husbands are digging their heels in as far as the gentlemen's act is concerned. According to figures just issued by the Divorce Registry in London, only a third more wives than husbands are the petitioners in the 1,861 undenied cases to be heard during the forthcoming Law Term.

Furthermore, there are 605 defended suits, most of them cross-petitions. Which means that husband and wife each publicly blame the other for the marital break-up.

ASSASSIN ORATORS

Four Japanese political assassins have been spending the past few weeks addressing packed and cheering assemblies of ultra-nationalists in Tokyo with an open demand for a return to "political terrorism." The assassins—Shampei Prime Minister Yukio Hamaguchi at Tokyo railway station in 1930; killed Finance Minister Junnosuke Inoue in 1932, and masterminded scores of political murders and beatings.

At the latest meeting supported by the assassins and organized by the National Protection League (one of the strongest postwar rightist organizations) one of the killers declared:

"We have only three alternatives to cope with the destructive, US-dominated policies of the Yoshida Government. First, we can foment public opinion against the Government. Second, we can invoke the Emperor's absolute authority to force a mass resignation of the Ministry. Or, finally, we can resort to political terrorism. The first two courses of action are impracticable at the moment. The third is the only alternative left to wipe out political corruption."

DOING IT A NEW CLUB—IN STYLE

Association of Professional Wine Tasters—has just been set up in Barcelona. The Association is the first of its kind in Spain and, in a country where Spaniards like nothing more than forming a club, the APWT has been given an initial title of "The Most Noble, Loyal and Hospitable Brotherhood of Tasters and Samplers of the Juice of the Divine Bush."

No doubt spurred on by this additional title, the officers of the Association have formed a council consisting of three

Grand Provosts, a Grand Master (who will serve as President), a Master (Secretary), a Magistrate (in charge of the Golden Book of the Order), a Grand Almoner, a Knight Commander, two Constables, a Cup Bearer—and a butler.

Leaving the titles and getting down to business, the Wine Tasters have set up their headquarters in a well-known tavern in the Paralelo, one of the principal streets of Barcelona where (returning to titles) they have rented a hall named "The Great Council of the Order." In addition to organizing lectures, social evenings and ordinary members of the Order have promised to visit patients in the local hospitals and sanatoriums, it is to be hoped, appropriate bottles of wine.

WHALE

Pity the poor Greenland! Ever since he can remember the whale, huge and promising food and money, has been the biggest gastronomic and economical factor in his life. Whales towed in and moored in shallow water meant something of a feast day with the Greenlanders rowing out in dinghies and rubber boots to set about the job of cutting the whale to pieces.

Often, as the work progressed, as many as 50 men would wade into the whale's stomach singing and hawking as they went. It was all a great occasion.

Now, however, wise heads in Copenhagen have decided that such methods, while festive enough, are hardly economic. In future all whales will be landed at the State factory at Tokvussak, hygienically handled and deep-frozen.

Any day now, in fact, Eskimos will be getting their whale meat as "frozen food"—via a refrigerator.

STONE AGE SOCIETY

Stone Age native women of Melville Island, forty miles north of Darwin, could have been the first to win the battle of the sexes.

The women there have a social standard well above the Australian aborigine and comparable with European women, according to C.P. Mountford, noted ethnologist, who has just spent five months on the island. Tribal secrets were told to the Melville Island women, and they were not treated as slaves and barred from the palatial ceremonies as the aborigines on the mainland.

Mountford's expedition on Melville Island lived on drying fox, kangaroo steaks, possums, turtle eggs and fish.

LOVE CALLS FROM THE DESERT (via BRIGHTON)

THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE. By Lesley Blanch. Murray, 15s. 324 pages.

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

FOUR women as different from one another as women could be; all of them castaways on the wilder shores of love—the phrase by which Lesley Blanch indicates the Arab world in which each of the four found some form of passionate experience.

THE DO-GOODER

No. 1.—Isabel Burton, a Victorian romantic and do-gooder, found it in single-hearted, passionate love of her husband, Sir Richard, who, although English was a Moslem, member of a Dervish order, entitled to wear the green turban as one who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Sir Richard Burton, "ruffian Dick" to his messmates in the Indian Army, translated the Arabian Nights (unexpurgated) and was considered to have a sinister and mysterious side to his character. His wife, devoted, faithful, brave and devout, she sits on the wilder shore of love, the perfect picture of an English lady.

THE SULTAN'S WIFE

No. 2.—Almeida Dubouche, a Riverly arrived on that shore in the hold of a pirate ship. She came from Martinique, a cousin of the Empress Josephine, was captured by Algerian corsairs and became the favourite wife of one Turkish Sultan and the mother of another.

Although nothing is known of Almeida's personality and little of her life, the quest for her enables Lesley Blanch (and her readers) to peep into the fabulous world of the Scagliolo at Istanbul.

THE MYSTIC

No. 3.—Isabelle Eberhardt was an eccentric Russian exile who married an Arab, took to drink, drugs, vice and mysticism, and became the confidante of the French pro-Consul Lyautey. Her death was as improbable as her life: she was drowned in the Sahara.

THE BEAUTY

No. 4.—With Jane Digby, Lady Ellenborough, the wilder shores of love received a cargo

worthy of them. She was well born (in 1807), beautiful, a superb horse-woman; as it was married off to a cynical, middle-aged widower, who neglected her for the pleasures of Regency London.

The first to observe that pretty young Lady Ellenborough had no intention of remaining undressed was young Frederick Madden, of the British Museum, who was cataloguing the library of Jane's grandfather, Lord Leicester. Next year Jane was delivered of a son which Lord Ellenborough accepted as his own.

But the East was a call—although Jane did not at first realize it. The first stop was the Norfolk Hotel, Brighton, where her companion was Prince Felix Schwarzenberg of the Austrian Embassy. There followed scandal, divorce, flight to Paris, the birth of one child and then another. Jane was launched on that 40 years' career of impulsive, ever-hopeful love which (in her own excellent phrase) was like a snaphy Altmann de Gotha.

Balzac, with whom she had a brief liaison, put her into a novel; said her passions were African; no woman who rode horses well could have any tenderness.

Jane went to Munich where she became the mistress of King Ludwig of Bavaria and wife of an obliging nobleman (two children) until at a court ball she fell madly in love with the fascinating Greek Count Theotoky with whom she fled to Athens. There, in the natural course of things, she became the mistress of King Otto of Greece, son of King Ludwig of Bavaria.

Athens was all very well. But not primitive enough, not swarthy enough. Jane's eye fell on a magnificent cut-throat of 60, an Albanian general of memories, brilliant with pistols and named Hadji-petros. It was inconvenient that he was the Queen's lover; and, unfortunately, that he was really charmed of Jane's French maid. Despatch in her heart over the latter discovery, Jane left for Damascus. The maid went too. And there she met her fourth husband and final love, Sheikh

Abdul Medjoud El Mezrab, a dark and splendid warrior who, between tribal battles, hired himself out as a guide to tourists.

After 15 years of marriage with this desert lord Jane persuaded him to use a knife and fork.

Squatting blissfully in a black Bedouin tent, washing her mother's feet, Jane learned, not without amusement, that her first husband, Lord Ellenborough, had heard the East a-calling too! He had been appointed Governor-General of India.

Jane remained beautiful until 60 and died, mourned by her husband and his tribesmen, in her mid-seventies. After an unimpressive start here was on the whole a successful life. Certainly it is the most positive of the four unusual careers described by Lesley Blanch in her enthusiastic book.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE AGA KHAN. Conell, 21s. 350 pages.

THE Aga Khan bridges in his recollection the gulf between two eras, just as he bridges in outlook the gulf between two worlds.

He remembers, with the vivid memories of one who was a dabbled but observant boy at the time, the Britain of the twenties. He was received by Queen Victoria at Windsor and remembers her accent (mixture of German and Scots), her way of interlarding her sentences with a Teutonic "so," and the fact that her Indian servants were manifestly second class.

CRUSHING GRIP

The Aga Khan's early European tour left him, also, a vivid recollection of the Kaiser's crushing hand-grip (developed to compensate for his withered left arm) and of the enormous great-coat in which the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, sat, heavily made-up, endlessly smoking

cigarettes. The coat had a bold-march's epaulet and was armour-plated.

As the Sultan was head of one branch of Islam and the Aga Khan head of another, the question naturally occurred to the visitor: "Does he think I have come to murder him?"

His first marriage with a youthful cousin had, in the meantime, proved to be a "sour sham." The Aga Khan found happiness in a second union (1908) with a young Italian ballerina and sculptress who took the professional name of Vio. Since then he has had two other European wives, who happily and voluntarily acquired a Muslim outlook.

BLUNT WORDS

He tells of his part in the dangerous international crisis of 1922, following the defeat of the Greeks by Mustafa Kemal. It came to that Lord George's Coalition Government were going to plunge into war against Turkey. This episode, in which the Aga Khan acted as an intermediary with the Turkish leaders, has been vividly described by Lord Beaverbrook. His blunt words to Bonar Law, "Those men" (the Lloyd George faction) "mean war," spelled doom to the coalition, says the Aga Khan.

The Aga Khan used to think that Bahram was the finest horse he had owned; now Kuyar chares first place in his judgment.

"About my own personal wealth," he says, "a great deal of nonsense has been written. There must be hundreds of people in the United States with a larger capital wealth than I; and the same is true of Europe. But perhaps not many people, in view of the incidence of taxation, have the control over an income that I exercise; but the control carries with it the upkeep of all the communal, social and religious institutions of my small following."

If he had millions of pounds a year, as he is supposed to possess, the Aga Khan would, no says, be ashamed of himself. However, he does not think that a high standard of private life is a sin. It is a question of degree.

LIBRARY LIST

● Hornblower Goes to Sea, and Hornblower Takes Command. By C. S. Forester. Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d. each.

First two volumes of the illustrated "cadet edition" of selected episodes from Hornblower's life story, arranged in chronological order. Specially named as the naval hero's younger admirers.

● Play Parade: volume four. By Noel Coward. Heinemann. 16s. 554 pages.

The 1930-1943 crop of Cowards, including the immensely amusing Present Laughter, preceded by a few pages of collected and understanding approval by their author.

BARBS

BY HAL COCHRAN

GOLFING season brings the time when a man's wife changes from his better half to his bitter half.

Looks, to some degree, are determined by diet, says a New York doctor. Now women won't want to eat plain food.

A palmist contends that a man's temper can be told by his hands. Especially when they are doubled up.

There would be a lot more finished musicians if the neighbours had their way.

A diplomat is a man who says he did no such thing and promises never to do it again.

The Chinese language has only about 15,000 words, but it's very difficult because none of them is English.

Social standing is pretty expensive these days—when it comes by the quart.

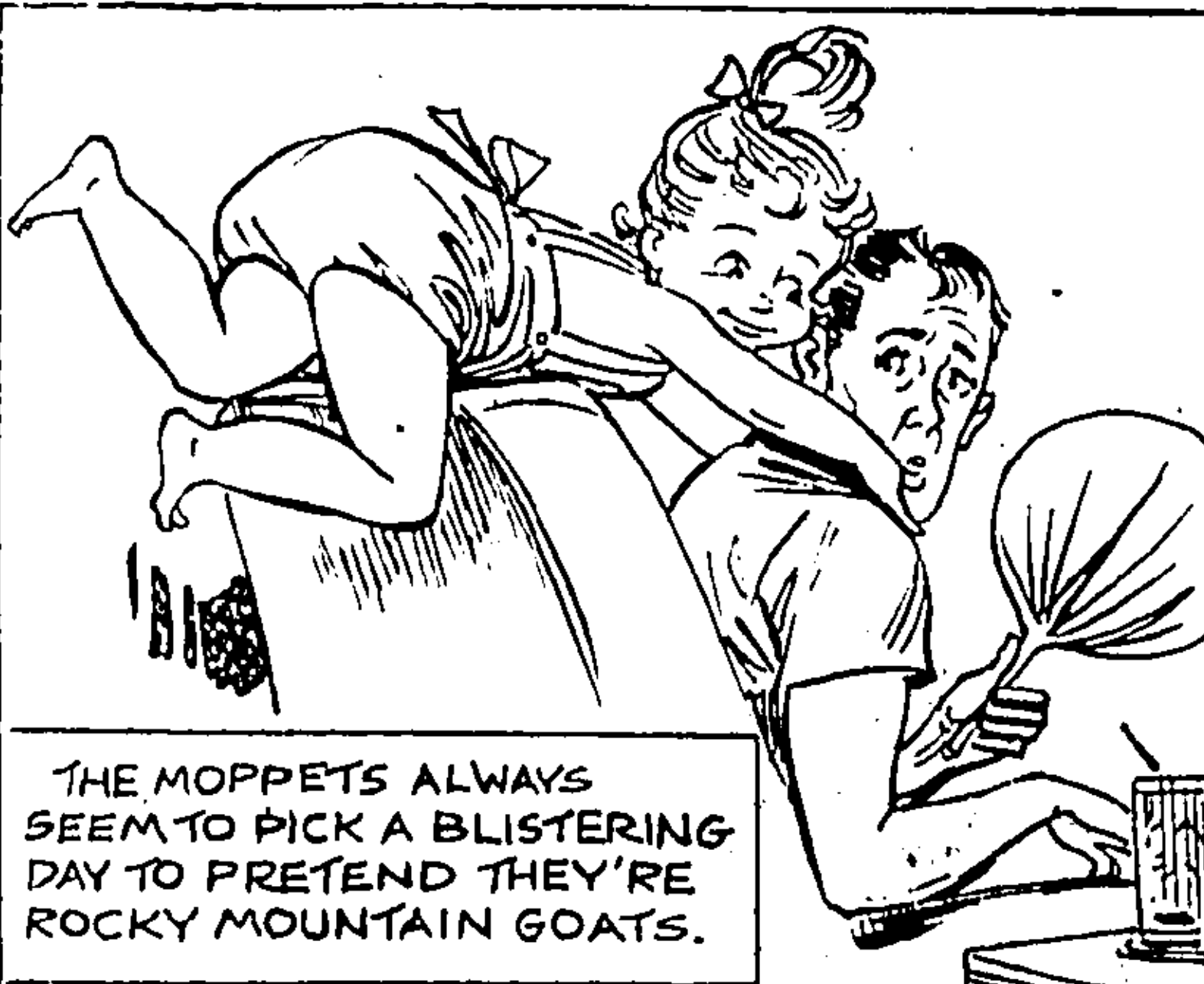
It's easy for a woman to make a fool out of a man, says a writer. Unless she gets there too late.

Cars are as much during rush hours as the beach at the end of the driveway.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

As If The Heat Weren't Enough

BY HARRY WEINERT





# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

## First Recital By Angus Morrison Over Radio HK On Wednesday

The distinguished pianist, Angus Morrison, at present in Hongkong as the examiner to the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, will broadcast three recitals from Radio Hongkong.

Angus Morrison is Professor of the Piano at the Royal College of Music, London, and he has recently been a Fellow of the Royal College of Music—a rare honour indeed. He is an experienced Concert Pianist, and has frequently broadcast from the BBC, London.

For his first recital, at 8.30 on Wednesday evening, he has chosen to play Beethoven's Sonata in E Flat Opus 31 No. 3, and three works of Brahms—Intermezzo in E Major Opus 116, No. 6, Intermezzo in C Major Opus 119 No. 3, and Rhapsody in E Flat, Opus 118, No. 4.

This year there are an unusually large number of European contestants in the Annual Cross Harbour Swimming Race which is to be held tomorrow morning, including high percentage of service entrants.

Listeners can hear recorded accounts of what should prove to be an exciting race from Radio Hongkong's commentators, John Wallace and Robert Scott, at 11.20 on Sunday morning.

John Wallace will cover the start and progress of the race from a launch in the harbour and Robert Scott will be the commentator at the finishing point at New Queen's Pier.

It is hoped that the winners of this strenuous competition will not be too exhausted to come to the microphone afterwards to tell listeners of their experience.

### THE SHETLAND BUS

One of those stories of heroism in war which had to be kept secret at the time is told in the gripping BBC feature, "The Shetland Bus" which can be heard on Tuesday evening at 9.30.

The Norwegians gave this name to the service of boats plying between the Shetland Islands and occupied Norway, and a book about the service written by David Howarth who as an officer in the NRVR, helped organise their exploits.

Part of this book was adapted for radio as "The Shetland Bus" and it tells the story of one of the many heroic journeys made between these points, which started as a routine job and ended in battle, death, hairbreadth escapes and ultimate rescue by the Royal Navy. The programme was produced by A. P. Leo.

### FOOTBALL

The football season starts today, and Radio Hongkong is broadcasting a commentary this afternoon by John Wallace on the St. Joseph's versus the Army match at Soekunpoo. The commentary will be on the second half of the match and it comes at ten past six. First Division matches will be covered as comprehensively as possible by Radio Hongkong throughout the football season.

### HISTORY OF MUSIC

Music of the Fifteenth century is the subject of the programme in the series "A History of British Music" which can be heard at 8.30 on Monday evening.

This programme, which explores the musical pattern of the Plantagenet period, shows the marked development of the national style with its love for suave melodies and full sounding chords.

The most important composer of this period, John Dunstable, is represented in this programme by his motet "Veni Sancte Spiritus".

At 8.15, on Wednesday comes "The First Thousand"—a radio feature produced by Timothy Birch to mark the 125th anniversary of the London Police Force. The script of this programme was written by Charles Farr, and the cast includes John Maclean, Geoffrey Coxhead and John Blain.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metre band).

Samba; Three o'clock in the morning; Waltz; GOD SAVE THE QUEEN. 11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

### Sunday

10.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.

10.05 WEATHER REPORT.

10.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

10.15 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE 125th ANNIVERSARY OF THE LONDON POLICE FORCE.

10.20 THE ANNUAL CROSS HARBOUR SWIMMING RACE.

10.25 RECORDING OF THE RACE.

10.30 INTERVIEW WITH COMPETITORS.

10.35 ENCOUNTERS BY GUINAMOU.

10.40 NOVA'S (PIANO).

10.45 OVERTURE BY JOHANNES BRAHMS.

10.50 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

10.55 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.00 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.05 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.10 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.15 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.20 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

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11.35 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.40 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.45 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.50 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

11.55 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

12.00 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

12.05 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

12.10 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

12.15 DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS.

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(Chalkovsky); Drink to me only with this eye (Tred); Eagle (Shostakovitch); The March (Gounod); Alfred Newman and his Orchestra.

### Monday

10.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PRO-GRAMME SUMMARY.

10.05 WEATHER REPORT.

10.10 SPORTS ROUND-UP.

10.15 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE 125th ANNIVERSARY OF THE LONDON POLICE FORCE.

10.20 THE ANNUAL CROSS HARBOUR SWIMMING RACE.

10.25 RECORDING OF THE RACE.

10.30 INTERVIEW WITH COMPETITORS.

10.35 ENCOUNTERS BY GUINAMOU.

10.40 NOVA'S (PIANO).

10.45 OVERTURE BY JOHANNES BRAHMS.

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## NOTICE

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the 1st Race Meeting 1954/55 to be held on Saturday 9th and Monday 11th October, 1954, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley, and the Stables, Shih Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 28th September, 1954.

By Order of the Stewards,  
H. MISA,  
Secretary.

**WEAK EYES CAN RUIN YOUR WORK!**

When your eyes ache, work suffers. To soothe and strengthen them, bathe eyes regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion. It washes away dust, relieves eye muscles—makes eyes sparkle! Doctors recommend it.

**Optrex**  
PROTECTS YOUR SIGHT

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SANDALWOOD-SILK FANS, PLASTIC CARVED FANS, ETC.

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**JUB TAI CHOON FAN FTY.**  
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Headaches, Toothaches, Colds are quickly overcome by **CAFASPIN**.

**FREE as a BIRD**

Feel free as a bird in Aertex. You'll understand how true this is when you know how closely Aertex resembles nature. The birds of the air are clothed in feathers which are constructed to imprison the air and form a light and comfortable method of insulation against heat and cold. Aertex takes care of temperature changes by doing just the same for you. By reason of the million little air cells in this healthful fabric you can enjoy complete comfort and freedom of action in any climate.

Send for our illustrated catalogue giving full range of all garments for men, women and children. Write to A.M. Aertex, 1 Long Lane, London, E.C.1, England.

## New Softball Season Opens

## Tomorrow

The 1954/55 softball season opens tomorrow with the annual parade of the teams at King's Park at 2 p.m. and two exhibition games. The first is between the Portugal Ladies and the Rest while China take on the Rest in the men's match.

The team will be: Portugal Ladies—M. Almeida, B. Remedios, D. Pires (Capt.), S. Correa, A. Mendonca, I. Starkey, S. Collaco, Y. Silva, Bernadine Remedios, Nana Carvalho, Sheila Silva and T. Noronha (Wahoon). Team Managers: Ed. Carvalho, Art. Ozorio. The Rest—Dolly Norman, S. Sun, D. Mendonca, C. Mengert (Capt.), G. Dragon, D. Maddox (Wahoon), Amy Cheng, E. Kwok, Stella Pih, Diana Tong, Eunice Chun, P. Chan, Ida Pan (Pandas), Connie Lai and E. Bakda (South China). Team Managers: Fred Ewins, Willie Woo.

China—Y. S. Liang, Wally Ma, Raymond Tsao, Wong (Wing-kai), H. Hsu, J. Wei, Willie Woo (Pandas), K. T. Leung, K. M. Tsang, Lee Pong-ling, L. Poon, S. C. Wong, P. C. Wong, Lam Ping, K. K. Sit, Paul Tui (C.A.A.), Cheng (Capt.). Team Manager: Mark Kwong. The Rest—J. Brown, F. Loureiro, E. Loureiro, C. Yvanovich, A. A. Remedios, Jr., Tony Osmund, B. Dhabber (Bravos), Vic Pedruco, I. Erickson, B. M. Omar, Art. Ozorio, J. Collaco, O. Souza, A. G. Ismail (St. Joseph's), Marcus Souza, R. Nunes (Blackhawk), Tony Rodrigues, D. Chaves (Delaware), R. Armstrong, Claude Pugh (Americans), J. Herick (Pandas). Team Managers: A. J. Hussain, Ed. Carvalho.

## Rugby League Star May Miss Opening World Cup Games

Lewis Jones, 23-year-old Great Britain's full-back and former Rugby Union star who scored a record 278 points in the Rugby League tour of Australia and New Zealand, may miss the opening World Cup games in France.

Jones has been called up for 20 days "Z" training with the Royal Navy from October 17, which means he will not be available for the first two games against Australia and France. The Rugby League may ask for his training dates to be changed, because he looks an automatic choice for the World series.

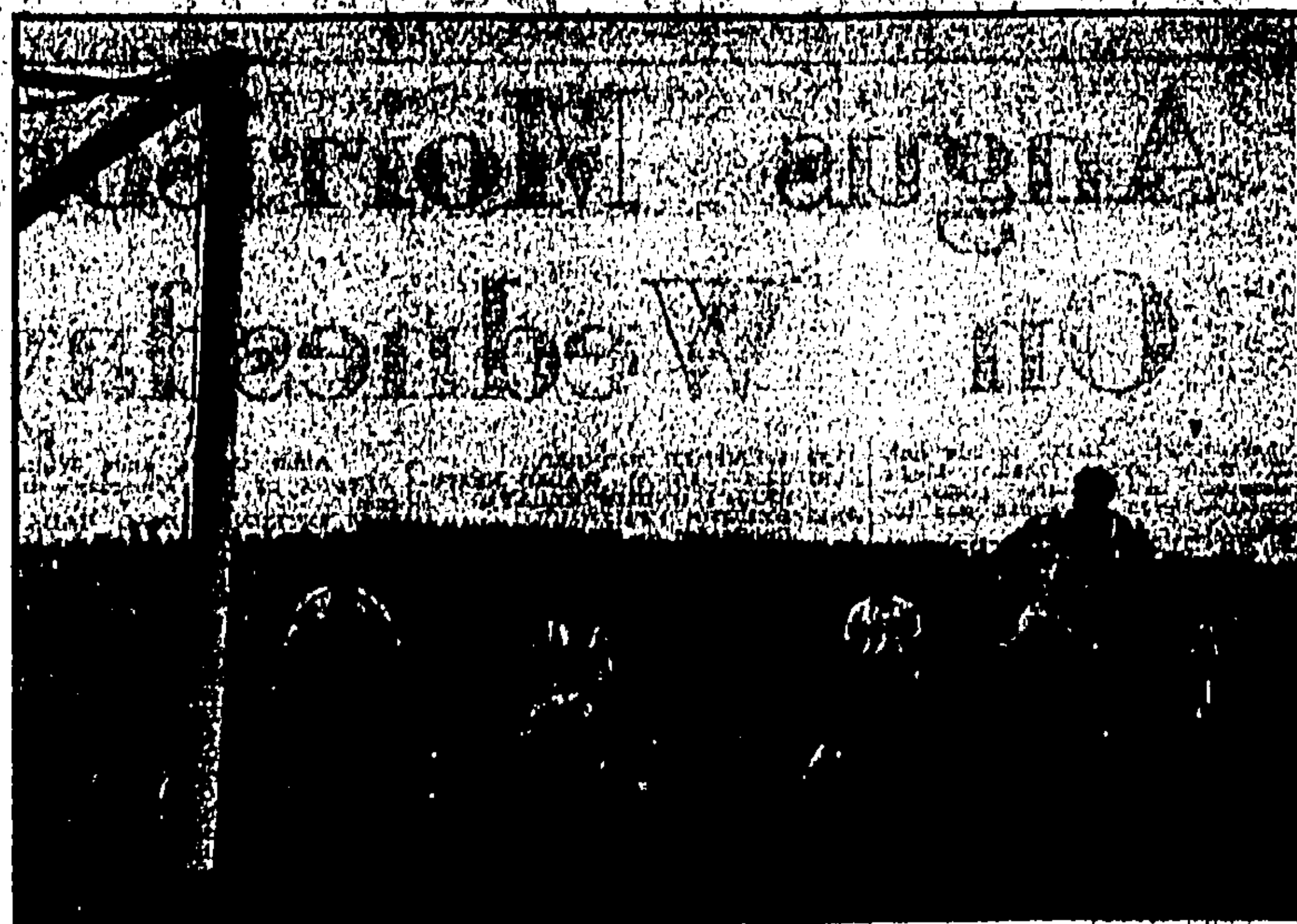
(London Express Service.)



"Don't be scared, darling, no horse that Uncle Gerald's on ever goes very fast."

London Express Service.

## HUDDERSFIELD v. BOLTON



Glizzard, the Huddersfield Town centre-forward, with a movement worthy of the flying ballet, just fails to get a shot past Hanson, the Bolton Wanderers' goalkeeper. Huddersfield won 2-0.

## Swaying—One Of The Oldest And Most Common Faults In Golf

By BERNARD HUNT

I have had a disappointing season. I have been playing very much below my best. And it has taken me practically three months of hard work to find out why. You will smile when I tell you my trouble—I've been swaying! Yes, one of the oldest and most common faults in golf and I just could not pick it out.

In my workouts to try to analyse my trouble I have gone through everything from my grip to every one of the complicated phases of the swing. I seemed to be doing everything exactly as I was doing it last year—and I was still hitting some pretty good shots—but I was hitting too many bad ones.

Suddenly my father spotted it. As I took the club back my head was moving. I was slightly back with it. This meant that I had to sway it back on the down swing in order to have my weight in the proper place to make proper contact with the ball. Sometimes it got there, occasionally it didn't. These occasions have been my bad shots, and those bad shots have cost me hundreds of pounds.

I have cured myself by simply keeping my weight on the inside edge of my right foot as I swing back. And it works. My 88 round Fulwell in the Southern Championship qualifying rounds this week was very much more as I want things to be.

The sway, of course, is one of the commonest faults in the business—especially for those of us who are over six feet in height. And it is one of the most devastating. If you haven't been hitting the ball quite as sweetly as you would like check up on YOUR sway. Get somebody to keep an eye on you for several shots. You might just be doing it occasionally. Once you spot your trouble it is easy enough to get it corrected.

## GOLFER OF THE YEAR

Looking back over this wet and windy season there is no doubt who is the British Golfer of the Year. Little Dai Rees tops the poll without any trouble at all.

I have never seen him hit the ball better. Fulwell's second hole stretches to just over 500 yards. Dai's second shot, a brassie, actually hit the stick and stopped within a yard. He promptly holed the putt for an eagle three.

That, in effect, is the type of golf he has been playing—bold, free-hitting, smack-on-the-pin stuff. He has been top money winner in most competitions and the least bit of luck would have brought him the British and the German Open Championships. He was runner-up in both.

All this goes to show that every golfer should follow the style that suits him best. By all means learn from others, get a sound swing, work hard at your game. But it is not necessary slavishly to follow pattern. Dai Rees, for instance, does NOT use the usual Vardon-style overlapping grip. He just takes the club with the right hand under the left and hits the ball out of sight. He has no over-lap at all.

As a youngster, apparently, his fingers were too small to let him swing with a right comfort. So he did not bother. He could over-lap now if he wanted, but it has become second nature to have all his fingers on the shaft, so he keeps them there.

But there is one important point—the over-lap is merely intended to get the two hands close together so that they work together as an integral unit. Dai's grip sees to that too, for his right hand is pressed well up to his left and they are all as one as integrated as they would be if they were lapped.

## BEST ROUND OF SEASON

The best round of the season I have seen was played by Peter Allis in the last round of the Daks tournament. That was when he burned up the Little Aston course in 67 shots to win. It was magnificent striking.

He never played the semblance of a bad shot and if he had had any luck at all with several putts that hung on the lip it could have been 62 or 63. I have never seen a golf ball hit better or with greater consistency. What's more, we completed that round in just two hours!

The best shot I saw this season comes nearer home. My brother Geoff hit it to win the Assistant's Championship on our home course at Hartshorne. The circumstances contributed to it. On the last tee Geoff was in the comfortable position of needing a six at a five hole to win. But for some unaccountable reason, he put his first drive out

of bounds. He hit his second drive reasonably well and straight.

But he was still left with 178 yards to go, up hill, to an angled green with the pin sitting on the top plateau. He had to get there. For him, at that moment, the first Championship of his career depended on it.

Quietly Geoff took out his four iron. It could hardly bear to look. But Geoff hit a screamer which might have been following the line of a ruler and the ball came to rest within two feet of the pin. He finished it off by knocking the putt in for a five and victory.

One of the great things about golf is that you never forget shots like that.

## PLEASE PRACTISE!

And now, as I close this series of articles, let me urge on all you golfers not to cheat yourselves in your winter golf. When you bring in your local rule permitting "rolling" don't take that to mean that you can tee up on worn casts. That will not help your game or give you satisfaction.

And if you run into trouble do not forget to check over your style systematically. First, your grip—keep it straight forward; then your stance—keep it square to the hole for your drive; then your pivot—make sure you are getting round before you try to come down again; then your hands—make sure you are in control of the club and able to make that club-head accelerate through the ball; and finally your follow-through—make sure you are not giving up on the ball but are making the club-head go through towards the hole.

And all of you—please practise. It IS the only way to better golf. Ladies especially, concentrate your practices on the things as well within your power: pitching, chipping, putting, bunker shots. They win your matches.

## The Long Count Argument Is Still Going On

By ALAN HOBY

The most sensational heavyweight contest of the century took place at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, on September 22, 1927, between two men with a liberal dash of Irish in them—Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney.

This was the famous fight of "The Long Count"—the fight which 102,000 fans paid 2,658,600 dollars to see.

It was a return fight between two bitter rivals—one a master boxer and the other a super-slugger.

And it was the fight for which Tunney, the Champion, was paid £200,000—the largest purse ever earned by a prizefighter in the history of the ring.

Yet the man who killed in the customers was not the cold and calculating Tunney, but Dempsey, the old champion, the "Manassa Mauler," the savage, rip-scoring terror who, until the advent of Tunney, had ruled the world's heavyweights for seven long years.

William Harrison Dempsey was born in 1895 at Manassa, in Southern Colorado. His father was Irish, tracing his blood-strain back to Co. Kildare. His mother was partly Irish—she could claim Scottish and Cherokee Indian ancestry as well.

These were the parents of the toughest and most colourful scrapper ever to smash an opponent into oblivion; of a man who not only lived to become a legend and Heavyweight Champion of the World, but whose name and the magic it represents, still lives on and, indeed, will live on for ever—Jack Dempsey.

Tunney was also of Irish extraction, his forebears hailing from Co. Mayo. But he was as different in methods and appearance from the scowling, unsavory, dark-skinned Dempsey as night is from day.

## RING SCIENTIST

Cool and poised, Tunney had wavy hair and handsome, typically Irish features. He was a ring scientist. Whereas the "Manassa Mauler" at his peak, moved like a panther, crouching and weaving and slinging cruel, short-armed hooks and jabs to the body and jaw, Tunney was essentially a boxer, erect and precise.

He had none of the colour and crowd appeal of Dempsey. He had no box-office magnetism. Like Dempsey he had been torn the wrong side of the tracks. Yet, unlike Dempsey, he never gave the impression of being aware of this.

Tunney, a splendid example of the best type of Irish-American, was too clinical in his approach to the ring for most American fight fans.

They admired his cleverness and his ability not to be drawn into slugging matches—although the merciless Harry Greb once gave him a whaling. But they could never love him or take him to their hearts as they did Dempsey, the first fighter to draw a million-dollar gate.

"Jungle Jack" would have been a good sobriquet for Dempsey in action. At the age of seven his two brothers, both professionals, taught him self-defence. In his early days he took on all the local bullies and whipped most of them.

During those lean years, Dempsey's trail led through the West from job to job and hush-house to hush-house, with fights often for a few dollars, on the side. He worked in the mines and as a lumber-jack. He became a hobo and "rode the rods."

## OFTEN HUNGRY

Often he was hungry and down-and-out. But having decided that fighting was the only way to win a fortune he dedicated himself to that end.

He ran up and down a mountain—to strengthen his wind. He chewed gum for hours on end—to toughen up his jaw. He hardened his muscles and body by working in the copper mines and log camps.

And, of course, he fought anyone, absorbing rigors and light pointers as he went along.

Finally, as the whole world knows, Dempsey made it. In 1919 he massacred man-mountain Jess Willard at Toledo in a heat-wave to become the "World Champion." This was the authentic Dempsey, bearded, browned and blue-jawed, standing 6ft. and weighing just over 13 stone.

Willard was 6ft. 6ins. and weighed 17 stone. Yet Dempsey, the Killer, blasted him to the canvas seven times in the first round. By the end of the third round the giant was helpless and his towel fluttered into the ring. When they carried him away his nose was mangled, his jaw fractured, and his left cheek gashed to the bone.

This was Dempsey in his prime. But he was past his best when he fought Gene Tunney, the boy from New York City, first at Philadelphia seven years later, and then in Chicago in 1927. He was past 30 and he had slipped.

Tunney, the boy who had been meant for the priesthood, first saw Dempsey when the "Manassa Mauler" fought Georges Carpentier in New York. Tunney, ex-Marine and American Expeditionary Forces Champion, had been booed when he figured in a preliminary bout on the same programme. Unperturbed, Tunney stayed on and watched Dempsey wreck Carpentier with his body blows.

## ALWAYS A RIGHT.

But Tunney also observed that the only time the Frenchman landed it was with a right. "Dempsey can be nailed with a straight right," was the thought which flashed through Tunney's mind on that fateful night. And it was with a care to run rehearsed right that Tunney himself rocked Dempsey in the opening round of their first fight in Philadelphia which Gene won easily.

Tunney was supposed to have brittle hands. But this challenger in that first Dempsey-Tunney scrap had strengthened his fists in secret by chopping down trees.

Knowing, too, that Dempsey's legs were suspect, Tunney had schooled himself day after day to run backwards so that when the time came he would be able to back-pedal faster than the aggressive Dempsey could go after him.

Yes, Tunney was a shrewd operator. But he ran into trouble in his second contest with the old "Mauler."

What a fight this was! Police arrangements to control the crowds were on a stupendous scale. At each end of the Chicago arena were two "score-boards" with the words "Gene" and "Jack" in enormous letters, and a space below to show the rounds.

Some ringside seats cost eight guineas. Every hotel and boarding-house was crammed. Sleeping accommodation in bathrooms was at a premium.

Tunney's tactics right up to the opening bell were to make Dempsey mad. He kept him waiting in the ring for ten minutes—an old trick.

## UNDER WRAPS

In the early round Dempsey did not bore in with his head down as of old. He dropped Tunney and made him miss a lot. This was not the old Tiger but a Dempsey under wraps. Although Tunney looked poised and dangerous he was holding and grabbing a lot with his right.

It was not until the fourth round that the light warmed up. Tunney's head and the Champion's knees bent.

With the crowd howling Dempsey went tearing after Tunney, driving him round the ring until Tunney suddenly crossed a right—his best punch—and stopped the "Mauler" in his tracks. Then Tunney crashed another to Dempsey's jaw and it was Jack's turn to look dazed.

In the fifth round Tunney was the master. Once when Dempsey rushed in, a sneeze creased Gene's lips and he clipped the old Champion with a right flush to the pin. But in the sixth Tunney's self-confidence was wiped away when Dempsey—the old Dempsey—lone at him savagely, pounding him with rights to head and neck.

Finally, that sensational seventh round—the "Long Count"—Dempsey went rampaging after Tunney. A scream from the crowd and Tunney was against the ropes. Another shriek—and the crowd was on its feet. But as Dempsey leapt at his rival like an animal.

Tunney tried to move away. Too late. A terrific left hook crashed on his jaw. Half twisting round under the punch Tunney threw out his arms desperately, trying to grab at Dempsey's right arm. But Dempsey's right was already on the way, and it crashed against Tunney's head.

## KNOCKED DIZZY

Afterwards Tunney said: "With all his accuracy and power Dempsey hit me flush on the button. I was knocked dizzy. He closed for the kill, and that meant fighting fury at its most destructive. I don't know how many times he slugged me."

Robert Edgren, American boxing expert, wrote in the Daily Express: "Tunney did not reel or fall. He was lifted from his feet. He seemed to whirl in the air and then he fell heavily. He struck the floor his left arm was flung across the ropes."

According to Edgren's stopwatch, "Tunney was down for exactly 14 seconds." In the end of a knock-down the Chicago rules stipulated that the rival boxer must go to a neutral corner. After standing over Tunney, Dempsey did go to a corner—the wrong one. Thus precious seconds were wasted before the count finally began.

Could Tunney have got up if there had been no notorious "long count"? The argument is still going on, even after this lapse of time.

Tunney himself has always maintained that he could have got up. He stated that the count was only at "two" when he regained his senses. Without the "long count" that would have given him four seconds to go, which, according to Tunney, would have been enough.

## LIKE A MASTER

There were many writers at the ring-side, who thought Dempsey was most unlikely. Once having regained his feet, however, Tunney, after stalling Dempsey through the remainder of the seventh round, boxed like a master.

In the eighth round Tunney knocked down Dempsey with a beautiful counter. But Jack was up quickly—although by now he was exhausted, a dishevelled man, his legs were aching.

This Tunney, the younger man, eventually won the fight, although there were many people who maintained that Dempsey scored a virtual knock-out.

Who was the greater—Tunney or Dempsey? You can take your choice. Today Jack Dempsey made £2,658,600 in the fight at American in the famous "Blind" fight and the "Blind" fight was a great success.

## POP

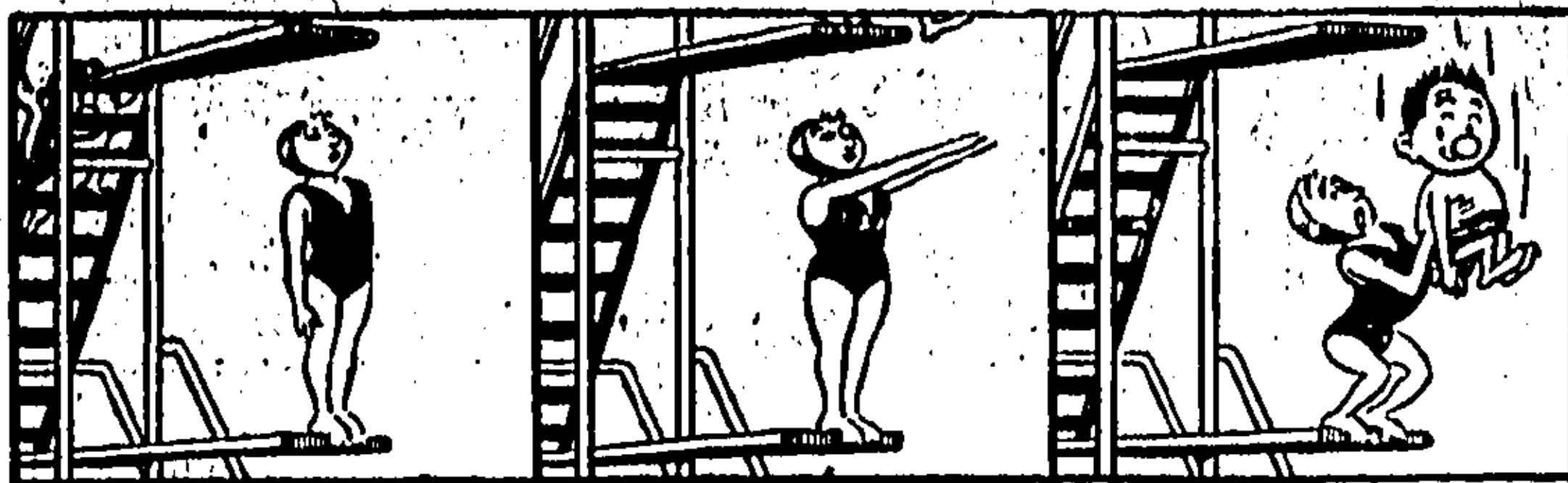


## Voice of experience



## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## LEAGUE BOWLS

## Indians Need Only Two Points Today To Win The Second Division Title

By "TOUCHER"

The 1954 Lawn Bowls league season practically comes to a close this afternoon with a programme of six matches in the various divisions.

Only two more scheduled games remain to be played after today — the postponed Second Division games between Craigengower and KBGC and USRC.

Whether these two remaining games will have a bearing on the Second Division Championship or not will depend on the results of this afternoon's matches in which Indian Recreation Club will be at home to Kowloon Cricket Club and Craigengower the guests of Kowloon Bowling Green Club.

The Indians have to get only two points from their match today to annex the Second Division League title. A 4-1 defeat for the Indians will, however, give Craigengower an outside chance of staging a dramatic finish as a 5-0 win for them in their match against KBGC this afternoon and also in each of their remaining two matches will put them half a point ahead of the Indians in the final tally.

The Indians had a narrow shave in their first encounter with the Cricket Club when they only succeeded in snatching a 4-1 win with a brilliant shot by A. R. Razaek with the last wood of the match.

A repetition of that close game is expected this afternoon with either side capable of scoring a 4-1 win. Special interest will be centred on the KCC rink skipped by M. J. Divcheva who is at the moment at the top of the skip's table. The honour of being the leading skip in the second division will go to either Divcheva or A. dos Remedios of Recife, depending on the results of their games this afternoon.

## TOP SKIPS UNDECIDED

The First Division League will be totally completed with this afternoon's two matches in which KBGC will entertain Recife Blues and Indian Recreation Club the Kowloon Cricket Club.

With a five-point lead over the Cricket Club who are their nearest rivals, the Blues have only to take half a point from the Bowling Green Club to retain the First Division title for the third year in succession.

Although KCC's one in a million chance of tying with the Blues for Championship honours seems extremely remote, the two First Division matches this afternoon will provide an additional feature in that four participating skips will vie with each other for the distinction of being the top skip of the year.

KCC's Hong Sling leads the field with 10½ points and a credit of 69 shots. IRC's A. M. Omar, who is half a point behind and 68 shots up, has a more than reasonable chance of overtaking Hong Sling.

A very keen tussle should result if these two skips are drawn

against each other in their match this afternoon. Should both Hong Sling and Omar fail to come in this afternoon, Tommy Baker may provide the surprise. Although one point behind Hong Sling, Baker is well up in number of shots.

The fourth contender is Johnny Ribeiro with 9½ points and 62 shots. Special congratulations go this week to the Indian Recreation Club for their fine 4-1 win over Filipino Club last week-end which enabled them to retain the Third Division League title for the second year in succession.

It is a deserving honour to a team that has turned out some consistently fine bowls. Though they lost the match, the Filipino Club did not come out of it without their share of glory when V. A. Neves had the better of A. J. Hussain by 23-14 to take top spot on the skip's table. To him and his frontmen, D. M. Neves, M. Rahman, and F. Tan we also say "Well done".

## PAIRS SEMI-FINALS

Tomorrow will see the Colony Open Pairs semi-finals being played off at the Kowloon Cricket Club starting at 3.30 p.m.

This event has provided the greatest number of upsets in this year's Championships and has seen the elimination of such formidable pairs as the Luz brothers.

## SKIPS' TABLES

First Division									
	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
W. Hong Sling (KCC)	10	10	1	0	303	224	69	2	10½
J. S. Lendall (KCC)	10	10	1	0	300	226	68	2	10½
A. M. Omar (IRC)	10	10	1	0	302	230	61	1	10½
D. L. Edwards (USRC)	10	10	1	0	302	230	61	1	10½
B. B. Butler (KCC)	10	9	1	0	303	226	62	2	9½
J. F. V. Ribeiro (Rec)	10	9	1	0	303	226	62	2	9½
A. E. Coates (KCC)	10	9	1	0	312	230	53	2	9½
A. H. Butler (KCC)	10	9	1	0	312	230	53	2	9½
J. N. Wong (KCC)	10	8	1	0	306	204	41	2	8½
Second Division									
	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
M. J. Divcheva (KCC)	17	13	1	3	301	273	108	13	13½
A. A. dos Remedios (Rec)	17	13	1	3	302	273	108	13	13½
D. L. Edwards (USRC)	17	10	1	6	302	230	61	14	10½
B. B. Butler (KCC)	17	10	1	6	302	230	61	14	10½
J. F. V. Ribeiro (Rec)	14	9	0	5	313	211	102	9	9
J. H. A. (KCC)	11	9	0	2	272	182	90	9	9
J. H. A. (KCC)	11	9	0	2	272	182	90	9	9
J. H. A. (KCC)	11	9	0	2	272	182	90	9	9
J. H. A. (KCC)	11	9	0	2	272	182	90	9	9
J. H. A. (KCC)	11	9	0	2	272	182	90	9	9
Third Division									
	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
V. A. Neves (F.C.)	14	12	1	1	306	213	103	12	12
S. Acker (IRC)	14	11	1	2	326	240	88	11	11
A. H. Butler (KCC)	14	10	1	3	304	227	87	10	10
A. H. Butler (KCC)	14	10	1	3	304	227	87	10	10
A. H. Butler (KCC)	14	10	1	3	304	227	87	10	10
A. H. Butler (KCC)	14	10	1	3	304	227	87	10	10
A. H. Butler (KCC)	14	10	1	3	304	227	87	10	10
A. H. Butler (KCC)	14	10	1	3	304	227	87	10	10
A. H. Butler (KCC)	14	10	1	3	304	227	87	10	10
A. H. Butler (KCC)	14	10	1	3	304	227	87	10	10

## THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS...

By Barry Appleby



## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

## FAMILIAR FACES IN NEW COLOURS AND THE GRAND KICK-OFF TODAY

By L. M. MacTAVISH

Today's the day. A new football season is with us. For the next seven months the struggle for soccer supremacy will go on and the hopes and aspirations of the big clubs, and the little clubs, will rise and fall in tempo with victory or defeat.

If all the stories are to be believed this looks like being one of the most even seasons in years. I have heard whispered reports of the potential strength of this team and that... I have been warned to watch out for big things from some of the clubs who did not quite make the headlines in the 1953-54 competition... and of course to counter all that I have been assured that the usual faces will be at the top fighting it out for the honour.

For the general good of the game a revival by some of last season's less successful sides would be most welcome and the increased intensity of competition for the League Championship and the Senior Shield would result in better play on many occasions.

However I cannot foresee any immediate or drastic changes in the general run of affairs. Champions KMB look well prepared for the defence of their crown and with the power of Mok Chun-wah in their forward line they should now have the touch of polish that was occasionally missing from their play in the concluding games last season.

One student of the game, and a keen KMB follower, feels some concern over the centre-half berth. The attitude seems to be that big Ng Kee-chung set the whole pattern of the defence plan and now that he has moved over to Kwong Wah there will be uncertainty in this department for a time... but no doubt Mr Leslie Louey has tied up the loose ends of this problem.

**OUTSTANDING ADDITION**  
South China, out to regain their former glory, have made an outstanding addition to their playing staff with the signing of Ho Cheung-yau from Sing Tao.

consider that Ho is just about the best prospect in Colony football at the present time and his tremendous bursts through the middle will give new finishing fire to the already powerful Caroline Hill attack.

The Senior Shield holders, Kitchee, will also be intent on all bigger things and if they can pick up these early points that they dropped last season, they may well be right in the forefront of the league struggle.

Of the other Chinese teams Sing Tao, who appears to have built up a fast and clever side, look most likely to succeed but a lot will depend on how the Tigers' attack reacts to the departure of Ho Cheung-yau who was their goal-scoring-in-chief last season.

It may well be of course, that we shall see a strong challenge coming from Eastern or Kwong Wah as both teams have been making big efforts to strengthen the weak links in last season's line-ups.

There is, so far, little news of the CAA and after their poor showing last year, and the defensive weaknesses that contributed to many big scores against them, they cannot be looking forward to the new season with any great hopes.

**VITAL FACTOR**  
Loyal followers of the game in Hongkong will be watching anxiously for a revival of the good fortunes of the Hongkong Football Club, who said before and say again, that a strong and successful Club side is a vital factor in maintaining the balance in local football.

Misfortune seems once again to have caught up with the Blues and Whites. In the preparation last year, Pat Gardner received a nasty injury and was out of the game for a

long time. This year an almost identical fate has befallen George MacDonald, their clever and enthusiastic half-back.

Nevertheless the Club has quite a lot of talent at its disposal and with experienced Andy Mullen directing operations they will probably beat more sides than will beat them. St. Joseph's are a bit of a mystery. Last season they finished up by relying on Service players to make up the bulk of their side and, although some of these players are still available, it seems that the popular Saints will start the season more hopeful than confident of success.

The Police side has been hard at practice for some weeks under the eagle eye of Mr Gordon and with players like Au Chi-yan, Moss, Riley, Hughes, and Wakefield available they must always be considered as being in with a chance in any game.

Towards the end of last season the Police team was playing well and if they can plug up one or two weak spots they could be the surprise packet.

## THE SERVICES

That leaves the Service sides. It looks as though the Navy will be fielding a completely new side and, as the strength of the team is so much dependant on the movements of naval vessels, it is virtually impossible to predict what the future holds for the boys in blue.

There were times last season when the Royal Air Force eleven was good enough to tackle the best in the Colony without a qualm and if their great victory over South China at Caroline Hill was the peak of their achievements, there were other times when the team played as well as any other in the competition.

Several regular players have now left the area and, while it is not easy to replace a player like goalkeeper MacLaren for example, there is every indication that the Airmen will again be well represented.

Service departures have probably hit the Army hardest of all. The loss of established players like Granger, Wells, Fraser, Higgins, Lunnion and Reeves would be a blow to any team whatever the circumstances.

However it is obvious from the trial games that have been staged that sound replacements have been found and once again the soldiers look like claiming an important place in the run of events.

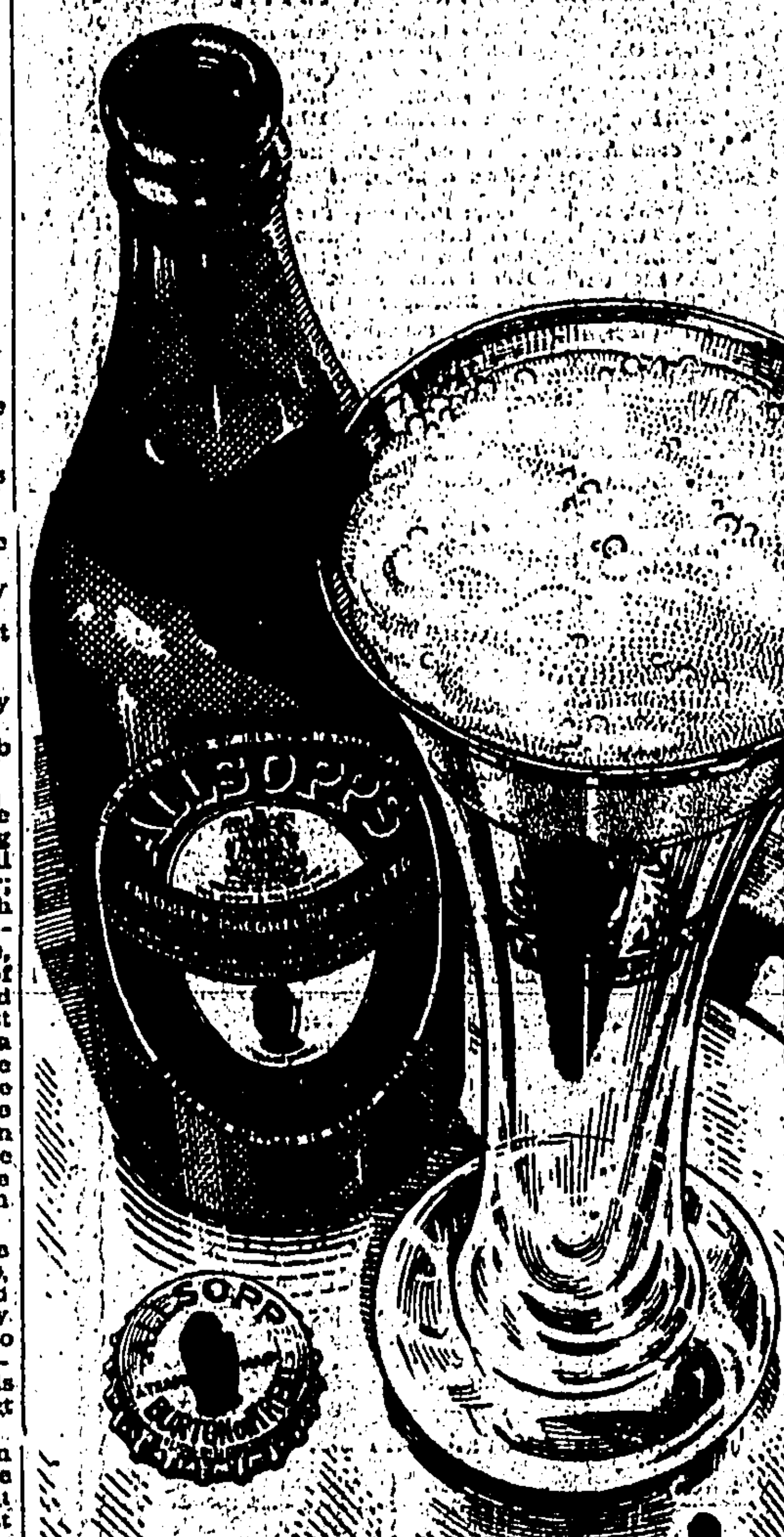
The season gets off to a mass start with most of the teams in action during the week-end, and the fans will be able to pick and choose their opening fare.

## THE PROGRAMME

Here is the full programme:—

CAA vs. RAF at Boundary Street, 5.30 p.m.  
St. Joseph's vs. Army at Sootunpoo, 5.30 p.m.  
KMB vs. Club at Caroline Hill, 5.30 p.m.  
Eastern vs. Navy at Causeway Bay, 5.30 p.m.  
Kwong Wah vs. South China

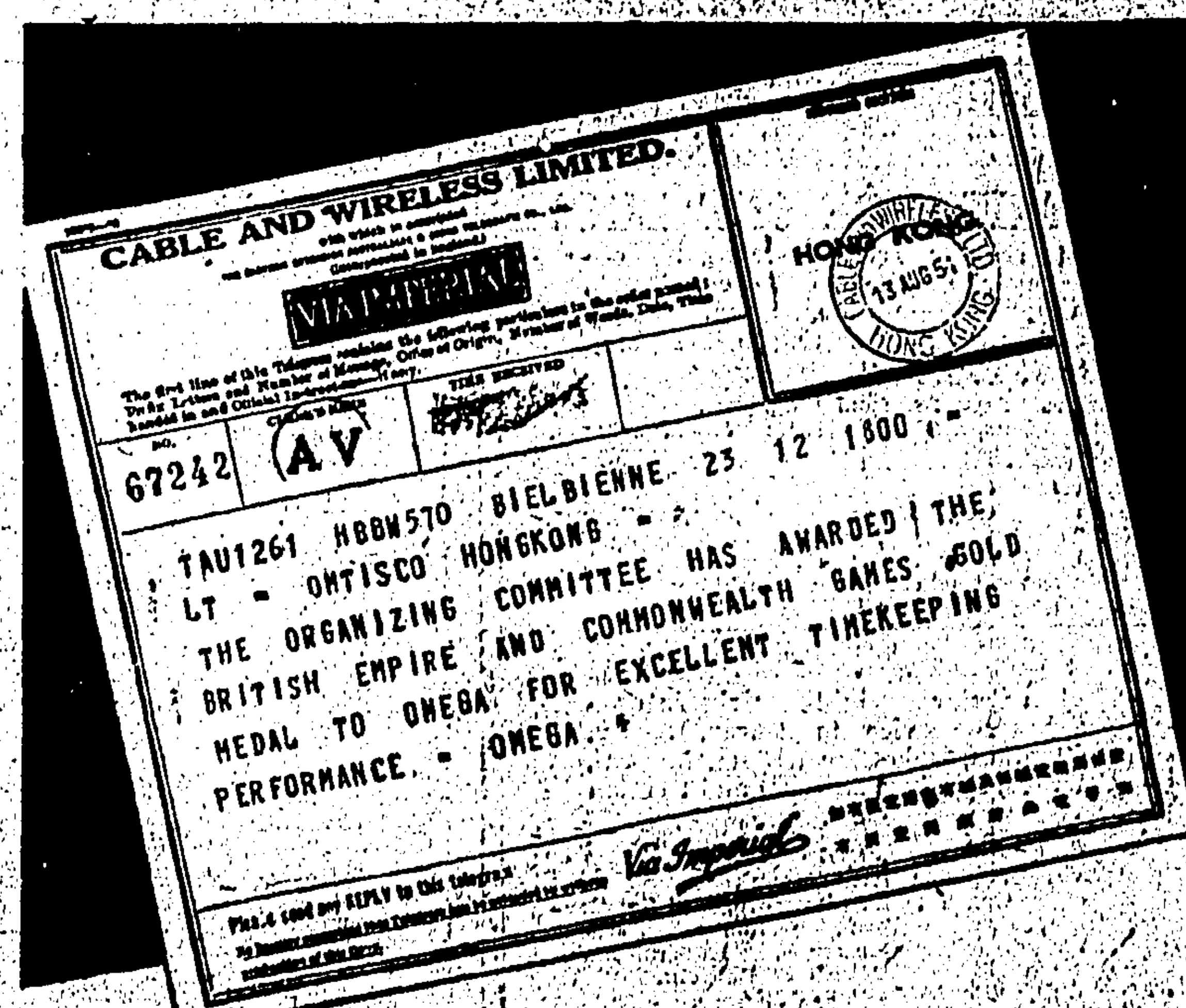
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"What became of Man With a Plough that used to hang here?"

## YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

**B**ORN today, you will find that literature is your most natural medium of expression. You should develop your genius fully in this direction. If you are diverted from this, you may be disappointed. You have the gift of the written word and it is something you should not neglect.

However, there is a great deal of the day-dreamer in your make-up, and you may find that you are not making as much material progress as you might desire. Get a grip on your self-confidence. No matter how difficult things may seem at times, persevere toward your ultimate objective.

You are not so much interested in making a fortune as you are in doing what you want to do. You will suffer any kind of privation to follow your natural bent. It would not be wise for you to attempt to go into business or commerce for you would merely be a square peg!

It is likely that your marriage will be of great assistance, provided you wed someone who believes in you as much as you believe in yourself and who has the ability to encourage you at the times when you are "low in your mind." You do have moods and need to learn how to dispel them. Try physical exercise. You may be surprised how it can change your outlook on life.

Among those born on this date are: Felicia Hemans, poetess; Mercy Otis Warren, historian; Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet and essayist; William Faulkner, author; Dmitri Shostakovich, composer; and Winnie Ream Hoxie, sculptor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You may find that spiritual consolation is helpful in solving a problem.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Don't attempt too much today. A good time to let down tension and store up energy for next week.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This can be a happy week-end. Something especially exciting may bring unexpected happiness.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You might have a new and exciting idea today. Test it for practicability. It sound put it into operation.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Everything on the home front should be serene today. You can enjoy happiness now.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—The major aspects are excellent. There need be no hesitancy about going ahead under full steam.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Spiritual matters could bring you an extra measure of encouragement and increase your joy.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Church attendance could bring you an extra something into your life. You might invite friends for Sunday dinner.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—An outing in the country, if the weather is fine, would do you a lot of good.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—If there is something you have been especially wanting to do, now is a fine time for it.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—You might find it a good idea to invite some close friends in for Sunday-night supper. Have a pleasant time.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Look forward to a rewarding day. Accept an invitation to dine with friends.

**B**ORN today, you have a tremendous store of energy which impels you to get a job done. Your aspirations are high and your ideals well above average. You are impelled to do good in the world and are always looking around for a chance to make someone else happier and more contented.

You make a fine committee chairman and a worker for any good cause. Your spiritual nature might lead you to enter the Church as a career. Since you have the gift of the written and spoken word, you could become a great force for good.

Although you are serious about serious things, you also have a store of fun and jolliness in your nature—which makes you popular with young and old alike. You women, especially, are highly adaptable socially, and you know how to entertain perfectly. As hostesses in your own homes, you are without rival.

Fond of fine music, you will probably be able to play some instrument rather better than average. You might even become a professional musician.

You have an ardent love nature and are devoted and loyal. Although you may have many acquaintances, you are not one to receive a person into the intimate circle of your close friends at first meeting. But once you accept some one as a friend, it is for life.

Among those born on this date are: T. S. Eliot, poet and playwright; Edmund Gwenna, film actor; King Christian X of Denmark; and George Gerwin, composer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Your health is important right now, so take good care of it. Simple foods are best.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Don't neglect the temptation to be didactic. A compromise might prove to be better policy.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A fine day for business matters. All your efforts will be rewarded. Be sure to have a home should go very smoothly indeed.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may find it necessary to take directions from others, but don't resent it. Be polite.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You may have a very effective idea today. Test it for practicability. It sound put it into operation.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—The major aspects are excellent. There need be no hesitancy about going ahead under full steam.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If tensions are mounting, you may find you need to be careful of your diet, to avoid digestive difficulties.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take it easy today. Minor details may cause you more than the usual annoyance. Be careful.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 21)—One of those days when the unexpected could upset your plans. Be sure to have a home should go very smoothly indeed.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 23)—You may find it necessary to take directions from others, but don't resent it. Be polite.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—You might find it a good idea to invite some close friends in for Sunday-night supper. Have a pleasant time.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Look forward to a rewarding day. Accept an invitation to dine with friends.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

One Slight Slip Cost Declarer The Game

NORTH (12)			
♠ K85			
♥ K76			
♦ A K 106			
♣ J 1073			
WEST			
♠ A 9 4 2			
♥ 7 5 3			
♦ None			
♣ Q 8 3			
EAST			
♠ None			
♥ A Q 10 8 5			
♦ A K 8 5 3			
♣ 4 2			
SOUTH			
♠ None			
♥ A Q 10 8 5			
♦ A K 8 5 3			
♣ 4 2			

By OSWALD JACOBY

**P**ROBABLY most players would lose today's slam in a very simple and uncomplicated manner. The "normal" line of play is to ruff the first spade, draw four rounds of trumps, and then confidently lead out the ace of diamonds. When the diamonds fall to break, South is down two.

When the hand was actually played, the declarer was good enough to find a complicated way to go down. South ruffed the opening spade, led a trump to the jack, and returned a low diamond toward his hand.

This was a fine idea so far. If East ruffed, South would play a low diamond. He would then be able to ruff a spade continuation, draw the trumps, and run all of the diamonds without fear.

East saw the danger, and discarded a spade instead of ruffing. South won with the ace of diamonds and led another trump to dummy's king in order to lead a second diamond towards his hand. East discarded a club, and South won with the king of diamonds.

Having gone thus far with his plan, South naturally had to continue. He led a club to dummy's king and led dummy's last diamond. East again discarded, and South won with the queen of diamonds. When South now led a low diamond and ruffed with dummy's six, East rose to the occasion by refusing to overruff.

Declarer was in the dummy and couldn't get out. In order to return to his own hand, South had to ruff a black card. This left him with only one trump to East's two trumps. There was then no way to make the slam.

South was on the right track, but he made one slight slip. It was correct to lead a trump to dummy at the second trick in order to return a diamond. It was not correct to lead a second trump to dummy.

After winning the first diamond with the ace, South should lead a club to dummy in order to lead a second diamond. East discards, and South wins with the king. South leads another club to dummy and leads a third diamond to his queen.

East still refuses to ruff. South can now lead a small diamond, ruffing with dummy's king. Dummy's low trump can be led and South clears up the trumps, making all 13 tricks.

After winning the first diamond with the ace, South should lead a club to dummy in order to lead a second diamond. East discards, and South wins with the king. South leads another club to dummy and leads a third diamond to his queen.

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## DUMB BELLS

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO STOP TRYING TO COLLECT OUR TALKS! 'DEAR! TALKS! 'DEAR! FROM THEM THAT SAYS 'FINAL NOTICE!'



## THIN BOY BEATS THE FAT BOY

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

**T**HE body build of a seven-year-old child can be as reliable a guide to future ability as any intelligence test, doctors claimed at the British Association meeting at Oxford.

A survey of 100 healthy Oxford children has shown that thin boys and girls have easily the best chance of winning places at grammar schools.

They are successful because they are usually the best readers and have the biggest vocabulary—an advantage in intelligence tests.

Fat children do reasonably well because they make up for their shortcomings in English by being clever at figures.

Stocky, blocky boys and girls have the poorest chances of winning scholarships, doctors believe.

**Close link**

Dr R. W. Parnell, of the Warneford Hospital, who organized the survey, claimed that these predictions can be made from an early age because there is a close link between body build and temperament.

Thin children tend to be emotional, imaginative and take life seriously. Fat ones have equal ability but lack drive because they are too easy-going.

Muscular children are aggressive and expend their energy in physical activity. They like manual work best, but those who do manage to get into a university usually do well there.

These differences show up in their behaviour at home, the doctors found by questioning the children's mothers.

**Fussy, faddy**

It was the muscular, stocky child who is usually the most difficult to control. Thin children are more likely to be well-behaved, but are less affectionate.

Slim girls tend to be fussy about their belongings, while thin boys are faddy about their food.

Chubby youngsters are the least trouble and the least likely to develop mental difficulties in later life.

What reliance can be placed in Dr Parnell's claims?

Well, he was the man who predicted that mile-running Roger Bannister would be a world-beater after examining his physique more than two years ago.

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## WILLIAM LAFFLER'S DISCUSSION

## BAND MUSIC IS STILL POPULAR

**B**AND music has retained its popularity through the cycle of jazz to swing, swing to bop, and back to jazz again.

Of course, band music appeals to love of country, and marches have bolstered

spirits in wartime, but there is nothing more peaceful or unwarlike than the concert in the park.

Great band leaders like Goldman, Fiedler and Lavelle have kept this stirring music going in the tradition of John Philip Sousa, and someone will take over when they have retired.

RCA-Victor has put together an LP of eight carefully chosen numbers by Lavelle and the Clifton Service Band of America in the form of a "concert in the park."

It includes the stirring "Rhapsody March," a tribute to Cole Porter in "In the Still of the Night," and a luscious "South Rampart Street Parade" in honour of New Orleans.

Willie Mays has made "Say Hey" a trade mark for the New York Giants, and Ray Anthony's is the latest orchestra (Capitol) to pay its respects to Willie. You're probably familiar with the tune by now, but Anthony has made it a danceable number.

Dodger fans are getting a big kick out of Phil Foster's Coral recording of "A Brooklyn Baseball Fun." Foster is an expert on Brooklyn psychology, and you'll chuckle over his interpretation of the bleacherite giving support to pitcher Carl Erskine.

Record of the week: "St. Louis Blues Mambo," an exhilarating combination of jazz and Latin rhythms by Richard Maltby and his orchestra, Maltby, the composer, collaborates with lyricist Dick Carney on the soft flip-over, "Blowed, Be True" (Label X).

Tops in pops: "Dream" by the Four Aces (Decca); "Mama, I'm a Little Bit of a Shy Guy" by Billy Daniels (Mercury); "Hey There," by Sammy Davis, Jr. (Decca).

For the old people who miss the roarin' 1920's, Paul Whiteman takes you back with a jazzy combination of "Whispering" and "You're Driving Me Crazy" (Coral).

Best revival: "Sleepy Lagoon" by David Rose and his Orchestra (M-G-M).

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